

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

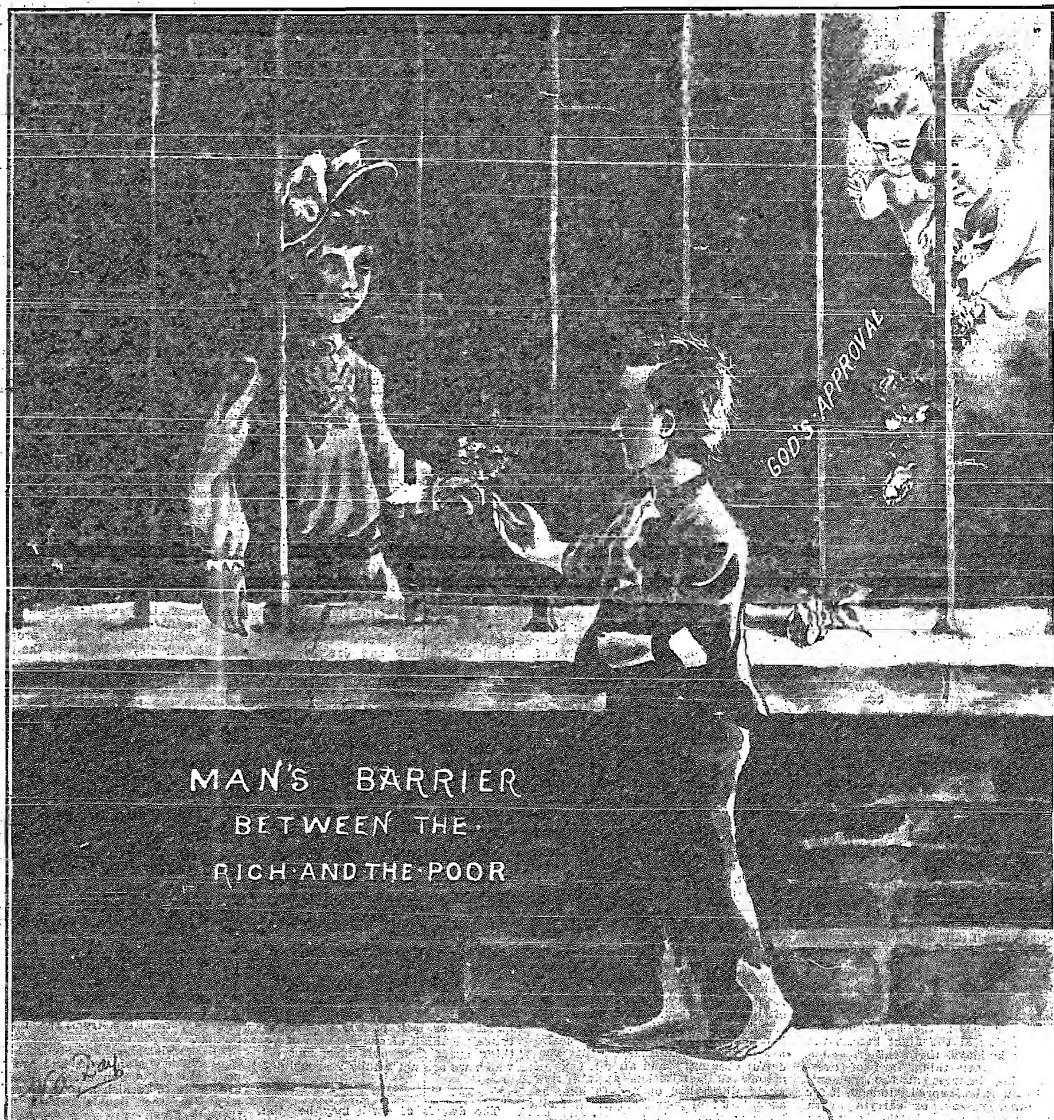
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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MAN'S BARRIERS.

(See article on page 4.)

EVERY-DAY
RELICION.
CONVERSATION.

BY THE GENERAL

Well, let us enquire how this is to be carried out:—

1. Watchfulness will be necessary. There should be a set purpose to guard and guide the tongue. The holy Christians of old used to talk about the grace of "Recollection"—that is, a state of mind which so to speak keeps the soul true to the fact of who you are, and what you are doing, the opportunities of the occasion, and how you can best improve them. Oh, how often, after the event, we say to ourselves, "Why did I allow that conversation to take that useless turn? Why did I not make an effort to turn it to better account? Or, why did I not say something that would have been useful to A, B, or C? Or, why did I not propose a song, or offer to pray, or do something that might have been a blessing?"

But, alas! what is called our presence of mind—by which, I suppose, we mean recollection—is not who we are and what would be most likely to be useful at the moment, is too often wanting, and we lose the chance for ever.

WE MUST WATCH.

Now, if we are to make the most of conversations, we must watch, and act upon them as our duty, with a steady aim to make the most we can of them for God and for the well-being of those around us. Why not? A Salvationist goes to the open-air, or on the platform, with such an object. He says to himself, "I am not going to let this meeting drift into a sphere of pastime, a thing for the amusement of the hour. No, I will, if I can, make it benefit someone for this world and the next." Why should there not be some similar resolution and purpose with respect to the innumerable opportunities of usefulness presented by conversations?

I especially want it to be seen that I am not advocating anything like bondage, or sanctimonious or melancholy talk. Ah, no! Anything of the kind would defeat at once the object for which I am driving. For instance, only let the mother and the children feel, when they meet for the morning meal, that father will make it the opportunity for delivering some sort of sermon so never important or able it may be, and farewell to the sort of conversation I mean. No, I would not, except under extraordinary circumstances, even recommend the mentioning of any theme to be talked over. Matters enough are always happening in connection with every household, every barracks, every community, and every nation to interest all, and these can be referred to, and turned to profit and made to instruct and interest everybody present, by a little contrivance.

PROFITABLE CONVERSATION.

The same thing applies to the casual meeting of comrades, and, indeed, of anyone, where there is time for a little talk. The first condition of profitable conversation, especially in the family or similar circles, is the sense of freedom. This necessitates a certain amount of what might be termed small talk, which more or less embraces the little matters that have to do with the family and everyday life—that about the health of all, the last letters from loved relations and friends, the sayings and doings of the children, their lessons, their toys, and their play; the happenings at the meeting of the night before, the coming holidays, the weather, and a hundred other things are ever-waking interest of the moment, and cannot be ignored. Indeed, if for no other reason, or carrying with them no other benefit, they serve to train the junior member of the circle in the art of friendly and polite conversation. Yet, after all or a portion of these matters have been turned over, more important subjects can be

mentioned, and occasionally occupy the larger part of the time.

But with all the freedom and cheerfulness I have referred to, nothing should be said or hinted at which unjustly reflects upon the absent, or which is contrary to perfect love. How often, in the very height of that freedom and pleasantness, engendered by the interchange of thought and talk, which takes place in a conversation, does there arise a twin serpent of envy and jealousy, raise its hideous head and insert its venomous insinuations or depreciation, regarding comrades or friends! Oh, this thing must be watched and guarded against! And even when words of condemnation concerning either the present or absent have to be spoken, they should be dipped in honey, and uttered with tenderness, for nothing is more calculated to put an end to the freedom of happiness of a talk than anything which approaches to bitterness, however necessary the saying of it may appear to be.

(To be continued.)

THE NETHERLANDS.

UNDER COMMISSIONER AND MRS. BOOTH-CLIBSON.

Simple salvation work in Belgium and Holland has recently been brought into bold relief through the intense popular feeling pervading those countries on account of the war in South Africa. But the very difficulties which surround men and women (especially foreigners) laboring for the Kingdom of Christ, bring into unusual prominence the value at such testing times of the central principles of primitive Christianity.

The promise of "all things working together for good" has been fulfilled again and again in the most striking way; and especially has this been the case when the public mind has been violently and suddenly tossed from idle dreams of man-made peace to stern realities of war and race hatred. A few such scenes we have been privileged to see.

To See to Exceptional Advantage

how a simple unalloyed faith in God's Word and promises, and a corresponding unbelief in the false hopes and human remedies of the unregenerate, can keep Christians from the snare of worldly wisdom, and make such pitfalls turn even to the advantage of their salvation work.

The Spirit of God has been most remarkably poured out. Our Officers' concilia have been times of veritable baptisms. Love and unity have reigned most blessedly. Race questions, the greatest thorn of war so productive of popular passion and excitement, has only helped to deepen spiritual life and peace in our ranks; and furnish, by its parallels, striking incentive to salvation war.

Of the Most Desperate Kind.

I write from the midst of special meetings in Brussels. The most beautiful hall of the city, the Grande Harmonie, has been crowded the last two evenings, my dear wife, the Marcheiale, being announced to speak.

More than a thousand people, mainly of the upper class, were present each night, and the order and attention were perfect. "Never have I beheld anything like this," said one of the literati to me, as he gazed on that

Silent Crowd of Upturned Faces.

"I have known this city for a life-time, and all about its public gatherings. This is unique; such attention, such respect, and yet public meetings are often so disturbed."

A gentleman writes:—"On returning home, I cannot express my desire to express my gratitude for this wonderful evening," and after a page of astonished admiration at the new world which had opened to him, he adds, "Ah! if your ideal is, after all, but a dream, it is a beautiful one indeed. Our hearts, tortured by doubt, prevent us from accepting your faith. But we bless you, nevertheless."

A young tutor writes:—"I have

come from the presence of something infinitely high and holy. Never in my life have I passed such hours, or felt the presence of God so wonderfully."

On the platform—facing that worldly audience—were Belgian witnesses to the power of the Christ of the resurrection, and not alone to

The Christ of the Crucifix

the only ones these populations know.

Here is a fine-looking man, the chief shop-keeper of a provincial town, who when, out of curiosity, he gave me hospitality three years ago, was an infidel with a worldly wife, and a bigoted Catholic mother-in-law. Prayer was answered as with a flash. The shop was closed on Sunday, in spite of neighboring forebodings of ruin. Fixed prices were abandoned, bargaining was discarded, the protecting faithfulness of God was manifested, and ever since then our comrade takes part in uniform in meetings on Sundays on the street before his own closed shop door, and visits with us the cafes of the town, as Sergeant of the corps.

Brigadier Van Rossum, 79, rue Neuve, Brussels, will be glad to give any visitors information about the work, or letters could be addressed to our own home, 153, Wupperzijde, Amsterdam.—A. S. B. C.



WISDOM.

Wisdom is not the same with understanding: talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence—not with any one of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—structure of the understanding—laid out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this reason that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength.—Henry Taylor.

CHEERFULNESS.

There is scarcely an evil in life which we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will then become a serious wound, and a slight illness be made to end in death by the broad apprehensions of the sick. On the other hand, much success is to be had in this direction. The bright side of all things will repel the mildew, and darkness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world, as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus like, like the chameleon, takes its shade from the soil upon which it rests. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind filling it with a perpetual serenity, and is in itself an offshoot of goodness.

SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY.

Our poor, weak faith is often to blame, but we should not treat it as a scapegoat. "The duty, my duty, etc., etc., perfectly clear to my mind, and in accord with my judgment, and yet I haven't faith enough to do it." He is mistaken. The man who clearly sees a duty before him, and whose judgment approves it does not need more faith in order to do it. It may be worth while to ask ourselves why we do not sometimes attribute our spiritual lowness to something else than our weak faith—to laziness, for instance, or lack of will. Is it because we think of our faith as something apart from ourselves, and for which we are not wholly responsible?

The dwarfs of earth may be the giants of Heaven.

Kind words, kind looks, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes, these are signs of grace when men in trouble are fighting their unseen battles.

THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER XXI.

Poison and Their Antidotes.

There are certain substances which are always poisonous to all persons. There are, however, many other materials which are poisonous only under certain conditions, or in certain quantities; such substances furnish a large percentage of the cases which come under the care of the physician.

Poisons exert their injurious effect upon the body in various ways. Some, such as arsenic, act directly on the heart at once, while others cause a gradual change in the functions of other organs. Poisons are often introduced into the system by being taken into the mouth and swallowed; yet they can be introduced by any of the avenues of approach, by being breathed into the lungs, by being rubbed upon the skin, or by simple contact with a scratch or abrasion.

Poisons taken into the stomach where this organ is empty are absorbed into the blood in an incredibly short time. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that poisonous liquids appear in the blood within a few seconds after they have been taken into the stomach. If the stomach is full of food, absorption is less rapid, and the possibilities for the removal of the poison are much greater.

When taken into the body by breathing, poisons usually manifest their effect at once, since no appreciable time is required for their passage through the membrane of the lungs.

Numerous cases of poisoning from the use of injurious substances in food, and in articles of clothing are brought to the notice of the physician. The most common of these will be mentioned.

Poisons Which Occur in Food.

Probably the most common form of poisoning by food is lead-poisoning. The most frequent source of lead which is taken into the stomach is drinking water. Some springs and wells contain lead in such quantity as to render them unfit for use; but the lead is not usually obtained from the ground, but from the service pipes. Dr. Chandler, of New York, found one-tenth of a grain of lead in a gallon of Croton water, after it had stood for six hours in a lead pipe.

Many drinking vessels also contain lead; even those which are made of Britannia metal, or other material that is itself free from lead, contain a good deal of lead in the solder with which the parts are connected together. It was found in one experiment that water which had stood twenty-four hours in such a vessel contained lead in the proportion of over eleven grains to the gallon. The occasional use of such water probably causes no injury, but the long-continued employment of it may result in the symptoms of lead-poisoning, even if there be no more than one-tenth of a grain of the metal in one gallon of water.

Cans and other vessels used to preserve fruits, lobsters, etc., are frequently soldered in such a way that the lead contained in the solder becomes mixed with the contents of the can. If these contents contain free acid, there may result also a chemical combination with the solder, so that the lead is dissolved in the liquid contained in the vessel.

Some years ago, an extensive series of cases of lead-poisoning in New Orleans was traced to the drinking of soda water from a particular and popular fountain. It was discovered that the reservoirs were so constructed as to permit the solution of lead combinations in the soda water. A Scotch chemist recently found half a grain of lead in a gallon of soda water.

Vinegar often contains lead as an impurity, resulting from the manufacture of all vessels, pipes, siphons, and the like, which contain lead, and are exposed to the action of acid liquids, are liable to furnish a poisonous element in the liquids which pass through them.

Many cooking vessels are lined with materials containing lead; this is said to be true of some of the so-called porcelain-lined vessels.

(To be continued.)

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JACK SMITH.

A REMARKABLE CAREER OF CRIME.

Thirty-Three Years in Prison—Received One Hundred and Fifty Lashes
—Died Saved, and Through His Death Saved Others.

On a recent Thursday the funeral procession of Jack Smith passed through the streets of London from King's Cross to Holloway. A plain hand, numerous bairns, and over two hundred followers consisting of officers of the Men's Special Work, the inmates of the Home, and the City Colonists escorted the gun-carriage, draped with the Army colors, containing the coffin.

Traffic was suspended. Spectators looked on with reverence, read the banns, and asked who was Jack Smith.

Yes; who was he?

He was a robber, a jail-bird, and, maybe, a murderer, saved by the grace of God, and who, but for the Salvation Army, instead of being buried with respect and Salvation Army honors, might have been buried in a jail, or a workhouse, grave.

Forty-two years did his sentence amount to, thirty-three of which he spent in jails and penal settlements, and the remaining nine under police surveillance. Thus, out of a life of fifty-nine years, he was only seventeen years a free man. That is to say: From the age of twelve to the day of his death, there were only five years of his life which were not spent in jail, or that he was not a prisoner at large.

The law, in its efforts to make him an orderly member of society, had also torn and scarred his body with 150 lashes by the "cat."

The Dreaded "Cat."

Truly the ways of transgressors are hard.

But in the Prison-Gate Home this living thief had entered into the knowledge of sins forgiven, and from that Home he entered with Jesus into Paradise.

Jack Smith, in his boyhood, was not parsoned, but his morals could not have been more neglected had he been so.

At the age of nine, a noted pickpocket and trainer of thieves saw a round young face and lured him to crime. Taught to extortiously pick the pockets of dumfies and persons in the thieves' kitchen, he gradually became very proficient in this art, and at length commenced business in real earnest. Attired in the costume of a young schoolboy, with a broad Eton collar, and satchel of books, his innocent looks enabled him to go to almost anywhere, and for a time to escape detection.

At the age of twelve he was caught in the act of picking a lady's pocket. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and flogged with a birch rod. On his release he again took to

His Evil Ways.

and again and again was arrested, until at the age of sixteen he was sentenced to a term of four years' penal servitude.

Jack did his four years, had ten weeks freedom, and was then laid by the heels for another seven years.

At the expiration of the seven years, Jack Smith was again let loose upon society.

He was then seven-and-twenty years of age, a tall, sturdy rogue. Strong as an ox, and as brutal as the society of Seven Dials, and the hardened influences of prison discipline could make him. He was a robber, who in other climes would have earned a notorious life, and lived it without compunction; or would have carried a revolver in his hip-pocket, and been quick to draw it, hat who, in England, throttled his victims till senseless, or kicked or maimed them for life.

After a short period of crime, another robbery, with violence, brought him a sentence of ten years' penal servitude.

After serving something over seven years he was released in October on a ticket-of-leave. In the following December he was again arrested for another robbery, accompanied with violence of the most brutal and revol-

ting description. The Judge, in summing up his case, commented very severely upon his character. "You have been," he said, "a life-long criminal. You have disgraced an honest person in your life. You appear to have been trained and educated for crime. You have never thought of anything but crime, and I am not going to give you a sentence that must surely discourage you from re-embarking on a criminal career. I sentence you to twenty years' penal servitude and three dozen lashes with the 'cat'."

The flogging was duly administered at Newgate, in the presence of the Governor and some of the visiting directors. Jack was strapped to the triangle, and two strong warders, skilled in the use of the lash, laid eighteen cuts apiece. With his back

All Lacerated and Bleeding

he was hurried away to Holloway jail to have his back dressed, and enter upon his long dreary term of imprisonment.

Adding to his twenty years' imprisonment, he had his unexpired term to complete, making, in all, a term of twenty-two years and three hundred days.

Surely thirty dozen lashes and such a sentence would be enough to break the spirit of any man! But so brutalized and fierce had Jack now become that punishments only made him more ferocious.

One hundred and thirty-five lashes had he received for insubordination whilst at Dartmoor and other penal settlements. A photograph of his back, taken after his death, is before us as we write. These long furrows and scarred weals tell a fearful story of physical suffering, but failed to subdue the spirit of the desperate man.

All the rigors of prison discipline had been tried upon him in vain—the dark and silent cell, heavy chains, clanking irons, and bread and water could not prevent his wreaking fearful violence on the warders when the opportunity offered itself. Such was Jack Smith in 1896.

Five years ago he was permitted by a humane governor at Dartmoor, to have his liberty on a ticket-of-leave, which covered a period of nine years.

"What are you going to do?" asked Dr. Anderson, the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, on his release.

"What am I going to do?" The same as before, I suppose!" said Jack. "What can I do? I have no friend who will help me!"

"I will give you a letter to the officers in charge of the Prison-Gate Home of the Salvation Army," said Dr. Anderson. "And there you will have an opportunity of leading an honest life if you desire to do so."

Jack Smith took the letter, and in the Home he

Met With Colonel Barker.

What the results of this meeting were told by the following tribute to our representative by Jack a few days after the death of the Colonel:

"Ah, the Colonel!" said Jack Smith: "I cried when I heard of his death. He and Commissioner Cadman were the two officers who took a special interest in me when I first came to the Home, and the Colonel gave me such fatherly advice. One day he drew me on one side, and spoke to me about my soul. After speaking to me in this way a few minutes, I looked at him, and noticed that he was crying. I cried, too; but I took his advice and started there and then to serve God. Since that day, sir, Old Jack has never been in want of a friend, Dear Colonel Barker! He was always working for and helping others, although he suffered so much himself. I loved him."

This dear relative was the man whom 150 cruel lashes, solitary confinement, chains, and hunger failed to subdue. Human sympathy and the

love of God manifested in the Colonel's tears immediately melted this fierce robber and gaoler into tenderness and contrition.

Is there not a latch-key to every man's heart?

Under the softening and humanizing influence of Grace and the Home, Jack Smith became a gentle, pleasant-mannered, saved man. He remained in the Home until his death. It is difficult for a ticket-of-leave man to get employment; so Jack remained with us, and he rose to be the Servant of the Home.

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

Jack Smith's heart was weak, and he was consumptive; in fact, he had been an out-patient of a London hospital for a considerable time. A sharp attack of pneumonia hastened the end. He passed peacefully away, his dying message to the men being, "God has helped me; He will save you."

On Sunday morning, in his delirium, he exhorted the saved men in the Home not to desert the colors of the Army that had brought them salvation, and urged the unsaved to seek Christ.

When Jack Smith entered the Prison-Gate Home, he found out that the man who had taught him to pick pockets was lying ill and worn out in a London workhouse. Jack continued to visit him, and urge upon him the love of Christ, until we understand

The Aged Criminal

flung himself upon the mercy of Christ, and died in the consciousness that his sins were forgiven.

The man who nursed Jack throughout his last night upon earth was bombarded by the dying man about his soul. "Are you saved, my lad?" asked Jack. The man acknowledged that he was not. "Then get down upon your knees and call upon God to save you," whispered the converted friend. "The name of Mary of old, treasured up these words in his heart, and on the following Sunday night was amongst those who came out to the mercy-seat for salvation.

The coffin bore on one side the touching inscription, "He was wounded for our transgressions;" on the other, "By His stripes we are healed," and was surmounted by a beautiful wreath of roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots, to which was attached a card bearing these words, "A token of respectful esteem from his comrades." His body was borne to the grave by eight saved ex-prisoners, whose term of imprisonment totalled 166 years.

What a close to such a career!

A very impressive meeting was conducted by Commissioner Cadman at the Home on the day of the funeral, and there were

Traces of Deep Emotion

on the various countenances as the Commissioner told us how Jack Smith received from him (the Commissioner) the first honestalling he had ever earned, and how Jack turned it over and spat on it for luck. Thank God, Jack never turned to the fruits of sin again!

The effect of Jack's death upon the men we think may be gathered from the soul-saving results that accompanied his death and burial. In the meeting at the Home five ex-prisoners came out to the mercy-seat for pardon, while at the grave-side at East Finchley three more men, one an old convict, who had spent twenty-two years in jail, knelt on the boards and besought God to forgive them their sins; while at the Home on Sunday night twenty others, such as Christ for mercy, and seventeen men consecrated their lives afresh to God. Pipes and snuff-boxes were produced and abandoned, and there was every indication that a deep and permanent work of grace had been wrought in the hearts of these men. Praise God!

In the foregoing there is abundant evidence that the most hardened and deep-dyed criminal that ever preyed upon society can be regenerated and reclaimed.

He who respects his work so highly and does it so reverently that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

MAN'S BARRIERS.

(To our frontispiece.)

God created man in His own image, male and female, and there was no other distinction set up by God. It remained for man, in his selfish ambitions, to erect barriers, and so create classes: the wealthy and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the governing and the governed. The brotherhood of man was lost sight of, and instead of brothers, master and servant was the relationship of man to man.

Hence we have the present-day condition so aptly expressed by a great writer, "The one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Well-to-do people are often more self-contented than selfish; they do not help the deserving poor, because they do not know that help is needed so urgently. On the other hand, the poor and suffering look upon the wealthy people as their natural enemies, who, by some means got hold of the channels through which wealth can be obtained, and kept the poor down with their noses to the grindstone.

But God uses the innocent age of childhood to counteract these conditions. The pauper child plays with the prince, and both are unconcerned about the social gulf that exists between their parents. Hence a gift from child to child has nothing offensive about it. The lovely flowers given by the rich man's child to the poor widow's boy are a gift beyond value, and above estimation in money. The memory of the sympathy extended will be like a guiding star in the boy's life.

Well did our Saviour point out the fact that a child shall be the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. May we strive to become like little children in the ignorance of artificial barriers of race, class, traditions, reputation, etc., and allow the natural promptings of God's Spirit to dictate our actions in life.

The Salvation Army has probably done more than any other institution to bring the rich and the poor together, and by letting them see more of each other, have them acknowledge that the Lord is the Maker of them all; and since He is our common Father, we are brothers, and in conscience bound to help each other, socially and spiritually.—E.

THE TWO OLD MAIDS.

There were two very old maids, sisters, who lived together. A running stream passed under the parlor window. A friend came to visit them one day, and found them in agonies of grief.

"What is the matter, my dear ladies?" he exclaimed.

They bridled up, smiled amidst their tears, which still flowed plentifully, and said they were two old fools; but declined to tell the cause of their misery. Their friend, who was their doctor, insisted upon knowing what was the matter, and at last one of them confessed,

"Suppose," Bridget said to me, "we had both been married (you know, my dear, it might have been), and suppose I had had a little boy and you a little girl; and suppose we had been dandling them at this very window."

"And suppose," said I, "some horrid boy coming by made a great noise—what a noisy, nervous we are, sister, at noise. And suppose we had both let the children tumble into the water."

"And suppose," said she, "they had both been drowned. Then we began to cry, for it would have been so dreadful, you know."

Hero the two old maids commenced crying again, and the doctor had some difficulty in comforting them. Now, I say that most of us are just as foolish as Bridget and her sister, and keep on supposing, and supposing, and making ourselves miserable about grievances quite as imaginary as those of the two aged spinsters.—A. Helps (Friends in Council).

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OLD MAIDS.

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Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Margetts.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE S. A. CAREERS OF TWO STAFF OFFICERS, WHO, AFTER TWENTY-SIX YEARS' COMBINED SERVICE IN CANADA, LEAVE FOR THE UNITED STATES FIELD.

"**A**ND how do you like the idea of going to the United States?" was the question with which we opened our interview with the farewelling Territorial Secretary.

"I view it," was the prompt reply, "as every

proper Salvationist does. It is not so

much a question of country or na-

tionality, but of having a chance. In

the United States we have unpar-

alleled opportunities of doing the work for

which we exist. There are many

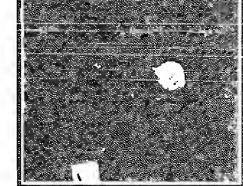
large cities which require the Salva-

tionists no reason to doubt his word.

When Staff-Capt. Margetts arrived at Toronto sixteen years ago, the Territorial Headquarters was situated in a small store, on Queen St. West, and the entire Headquarters' Staff consisted of Commissioner Combs, Mr. A. D. C., Staff-Capt. Eastwood, who was in charge of the Toronto Division, and had a boy to assist in the office work; Staff-Capt. Smith, Cashier and Trade Secretary; Staff-Capt. Norton, Spiritual Special and Organizer. Staff-Capt. Margetts was at once appointed to the oversight of the Hamilton Division and Editor of the War Cry, with a boy "who knew shorthand" to assist him. From the foregoing we see that Lieut.-Colonel Margetts has practically been closely linked up with every development of the Salvation Army in this territory.

Harnessed Up At Once.

He landed on the 23rd of May, '85.

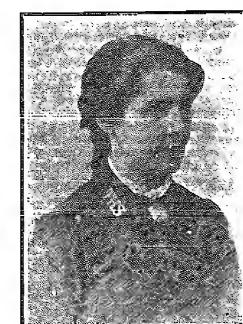


Capt. Margetts.
As He Entered the Training Home.

tion Army, and I want to make the most of this magnificent chance before me. Of course, one cannot be sixteen years in the country without becoming attached in many ways, especially to many lovable people, who in turn, become attached to you."

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts entered the Army Training Home in London, England, nineteen years ago last October, a modest young man with a frock coat and a high hat, as picture number one shows. After nine weeks' drill he qualified himself for a Field appointment, and went to his first corps, at Merthyr Tydfil, Wales. His appearance was not much altered except in uniform, as we see in picture number two. His systematic work directed the attention of his superior officers to this promising young Captain, who was next appointed as A. D. C. to the Reading Headquarters of the Southern Division, England. After two years' service in this position, he filled a similar appointment at the Birmingham Headquarters, and from there came to Canada.

"Did you know Mrs. Margetts before you came to Canada?" we curiously enquired. The Colonel definitely denied such an acquaintance,



Capt. Poly Ashton
(Mrs. Margetts)
Training Home Officer.



Capt. Margetts.
As He Left the Training Home.

in Toronto, which was on a Saturday. On Sunday he travelled with Commissioner Combs at Hamilton. On Monday, the Queen's Birthday being the occasion, a great jubilation was held at old Number One, Richmond St., at which all officers from the outside corps were present, finishing up with an all-night of prayer. This glimpse gives us an idea of the pace at which the Army officers were kept going in the early days.

The death of Staff-Capt. Eastwood, in August of the same year, threw considerable work upon Headquarters. Instead of Staff-Capt. Margetts, however, eighteen months at the Centre were months of hard labor. In May of the next year the Temple was opened, and in November the General first visited Canada. All this meant a multiplication of work, of course. The General promoted the hero of our sketch to the rank of Major, with a commission to organize and extend our work in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

Lively Times in the East.

"You had some lively times, I understand, during the early days of the East?"

"Yes, we had," replied the Colonel, "and that in many ways, especially at the opening of St. John's, Nfld., where we had a great riot in the opening. Eggs stones and sticks were

were of considerable age. Only the wise and timely interference of the police, we believe, avoided bloodshed and possibly deaths. Then there was the celebrated drum case at Chatham, N.B., during the command of Capt. Wadds (now Mrs. Adjutant Bradley), who opened the work there. The drum and the drummer was summoned before the court, but we won a glorious victory, which strengthened

our cause considerably all over

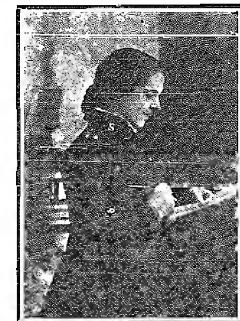
the Dominion. Of course there was lots of friction of a similar kind in the early days in many places."

The Flood in Free's Time.

"Tell me something about the flood, which Capt. Freeer experienced."

"Well, it was in this way: We opened Grand Manan Island, and had considerable difficulty over the question of baptism, two officers finding it necessary to be immersed before their faith in Christ's salvation could take root. They were followed by Capt. Freeer, a man who was not tied down and crippled by the graveclothes of forms and ceremonies, and who took his stand as a Salvationist wholly and fearlessly. There was however a flood, which cleared the town, which was determined to have the Captain immersed. They managed to place a barrel of water over the nose boards of the ceiling of the hall in which our meetings were held, and fastened string to the barrel in such a way that it could be pulled from the outside when desired. In the evening the Captain waxed eloquent in his exhortation, when lo, and behold! the toughs pulled the string and upset the barrel, causing a flood to inundate the unsuspecting and of Capt. Freeer."

Major Margetts was very successful in his organization of the East. He opened up in the country in almost every part, built several barracks, among them Liverpool, Dartmouth, Lunenburg, and Annapolis, as well as buying land for buildings in other places. During the two years he was stationed there he had some very remarkable meetings among them we will mention two. The first was in 1886, in his visit to Brigus, Newfoundland, when, in an afternoon holiness meeting, the entire audience of between sixty and seventy people came to the

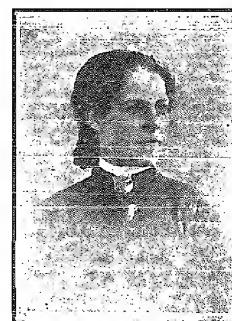


Staff-Capt. Ashton.
Divisional Officer.

don. Man. The appointment was a responsible one, for besides the efficient training of the officers, the Major was responsible for entirely financing the Training Homes out of his Division, and that meant a great deal, when at times seventy Cadets were in training in Toronto alone. One of his plans was to send the Cadets twice a week for a week to the corps. He would lecture them in the forenoon and send them out visiting in the afternoon to create a stir and bless the people, and finish up with a good demonstration at night. In this manner the officers of the corps undertook to feed the Cadets. The corps were blessed, souls were saved, and a portion of the income helped to carry the expenses of the Training Homes.

Prevailing Faith.

In those days the Major had many tests of his faith, and many remarkable answers to prayer. On one of these occasions he was greatly in need of \$100. Failing to find means to obtain it, he gathered the Cadets about him and said some things in prayer. The same evening after conducting a meeting in one of the city corps, a gentleman came to him at the close in great trouble, stating that he was particularly troubled over



Capt. Ashton.

penitent form, with the exception of two. The scene was beyond description. Pipe and tobacco were thrown all over the floor, flowers were torn and cut from hats, and among the leaping, dancing, and shouting crowd a wonderful baptism of the Spirit descended. The other one was an all-night of prayer at Frederleton, when sixty men and women knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Many corps were opened also in Newfoundland. At the Major's visit to the Island he inaugurated our work in Twillingate, Greenspond, Bonavista, Fortune, and Grand Bank. Among the corps created in the Maritime Provinces by him were St. John II, III, Dwy, Bear River, Freeport, St. John's, and Amherst. He secured seven officers from Toronto to begin with, but he returned more than that number from the officers he raised on the spot. He also opened the Training Garrison at St. John, N.B., which proved a great assistance in officiating his new corps. Ill-health compelled him to leave this appointment after over two years' hard service.

Training Home Principal.

He came to Toronto, and, after a little rest, took charge of the Training Home Division, and became entirely responsible for the running operations of the Dominion. In those days there were Training Homes situated at Lippincott, Yorkville, St. John, Brantford, Ottawa, and Bran-



Major Margetts.
When in charge of the Toronto Training Homes.

\$100 which the Lord wanted him to give away. The Major told him of his straits, and upon hearing this the gentleman said, "I am convinced that the Lord meant me to give you the \$100. Take it, and praise the Lord for it." He has similar instances of most remarkable answers to relate, too numerous to mention here.

Old-Time Camp Meetings.

Another feature during his command of Toronto Division were the Camp Meetings at Wells' Hill. The last of these especially remains on record. Over three hundred and eighty people camped on the grounds, and a magnificent series of meetings finished up on Sunday night with seventy-two souls in the fountain. After paying all expenses, the Major cleared \$600 for the Training Home.

(Continued on page 13.)

Daily Sword Exercise.

Sunday.

I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love.—Eph. iv. 1, 2.

Self-Examination.—Have I been haughty, or impatient, or incredulous, or unforgiving?

Prayer.—Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.

Monday.

I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.—John xii. 16.

S-Ex.—Have I taken my stand as a fighter in this world, or have I shirked my duty, and shamed my responsibility?

I'll gird on the armor and rush to the field,

Determined to conquer, and never, never yield.

So the enemy may know,
Wherever I may go.
I am fighting for Jehovah.



Tuesday.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. vii. 10.

S-Ex.—Have I been faithful to my conscience and my God? If I break faith to-day, how can I keep faithful unto death?

Promise.—Able to keep you from failing, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy!



Wednesday.

Though He stay me, yet will I trust in Him.—Job xiii. 15.

S-Ex.—Have I resigned myself to the heavy afflictions, or annoying trifles, of adversity to the fact that God sits in government, and will not permit anything to happen to me but what is good for me?

I'll be Thine, Lord, in sunshine or darkness,
In the calm, as when tempests shall roar;
I'll be Thine, Lord, for joy or for sadness.

I'll be Thine, only Thine, evermore.



Thursday.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.—Rom. xii. 10.

S-Ex.—Have I been truly mindful of the merits of others, or have I been chiefly concerned about my rights, and my deserts?

Prayer.—O Lord Jesus, help me to be truly a servant of all men, for Thou livest with a love beyond understanding, and Thou didst serve even the least of Thy disciples.



Friday.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.—P. xlii. 1.

S-Ex.—What has chiefly engaged my thought, and to what final purpose has my time been devoted?

All my heart I give Thee.
Day by day, come what may;
All my life I give Thee,
Dying men to save.

Saturday.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.—Prov. xxxi. 26.

S-Ex.—Have I spoken many idle and foolish words, and has my tongue pronounced harsh judgments?

P.—Lord, teach me to love perfectly, for then shall I know wisdom, and speak kindness.

One pickle may make many pessimists.

POINTERS.

Vital forces are seldom visible.

The patient man gulps the end desired and a victory over self as well.

The powerful are patient; they can afford to be. Only the weak worry.

"Thou shalt not steal." The Gospel doesn't belong to you, but belongs to God and to the world, and if you don't spread it you are stealing.

BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

LOT'S RELIGION.

Mr. Lot, like many others whom we come across to-day, had the chance of choosing rightly, but, by choice, was led astray; All his money could not save him, for he found, as others find, that, unless the Lord is Builder, those who build are always blind. Nor could he, with moral motives, stem the tide of Satan's will—For, in spite of education, Sodom is a Sodom still.

Time came when the Lord, in anger, said that these things should not be; "I will rain down fire and brimstone on this wickedness," said He. Then, in mercy, He remembered Lot, and longed to lead him out, with his wife, and her relations, ere destruction came about. So He sent, as human beings, angels with this message straight—"While Lot lives, with all his family, out of Sodom, I will wait." But the sons-by-marriage treated all Lot said as but a joke. Wondered what had come across him; said he was a "funny hoke." Would not leave their worldly pleasures, could not miss their noisy play. Said to please old Lot a little, "We may join you some fine day!"

Lot himself was in no hurry, for he "linger'd," we are told, till these men, who saw his danger, bad, by force, his hands to hold; Had to lead him out the city, with his wife, and daughters, too. (Much like "Isaiah" in the meeting to the mercy-seat, will do.) Then said Lot, "Where will you lead me? Do not let it be too far." "Up the mountain," said the angels, "where the higher blessings are." "Not so, Lord," replied he, frightened, "we would die; the road is long—Having lived some years in Sodom, we are far from being strong: We would miss the evening rambles, we would miss the valley stream, and the harmless social parties—you, p'raps, know just how I mean."

"But," replied the angels, sadly, "you will gain more than you'll miss; Will see further, and be nearer to the Lord—just think of this!" Then said Lot, "I know a city, little town, in a hill, and name, May we not take refuge there?" Will it not be all the same? It is near up to the mountain; if your Lord would but agree, Mrs. Lot would settle in it, and we both would happy be."

In the Psalms we read how Israel, in the wilderness, backsid'd, Lusted for Egyptian treasures (which accounts for what they did). They requested ease and pleasure, heedless of their promised goal; So God gave them what they wanted, but sent leanness to their soul! Thus it was with Lot from Sodom, since he feared the mountain track, He might go and dwell in Zoar, better far than going back. But he would not get the blessing, nor the view, nor Gospel-fat; He would lose, in choosing Zoar, promised blessings, such as that.

"Tis like this when Jesus calls us, by His greater call, to preach, To join the Salvation Army; or of holiness to teach. We have got outside our Sodom, but we can refuse the call, Can get into some such Zoar, lose the horizon—that is all. Work that angels would delight in, we might do, and gain a crown, If we'd save our life we'll lose it; miss a smile, deserve a frown.

Lot got little satisfaction in the way that he had chose, For his wife backsid'd, bad fashion, as each Army Junker knows. She looked back once more on Sodom, so was puffed up to salt, As an everlasting lesson to those who are prone to bait.

Even this small town of Zoar disappointed Lot as well, Since, we read, that for some reason, he within it feared to dwell; So, at length, snuck up the mountain, where he should have gone before (Like those Christians who get holy as they leave for Canaan's shore).

Where are you, beloved reader? If you are in Sodom, say Will you not take this last warning, and make your escape to-day? Hurry up! There's not a moment to be lost, if you would flee. From the fiery judgment coming—surely you the signs must see. Hurry up! If we could drag you we would hold your hand just now, Till, deep under sin's conviction, you before our Christ should know.

Where are you, friend of the Army? Where are you, oh, soldier, say? Are you living on the mountain of true holiness to-day? If you are not, you're in Zoar, and, until you do come out, 'Tis no wonder you feel funny when we clap our hands and shout. 'Tis no wonder you're half-hearted. If God writes you down "Lukewarm," You will be no blessing to us, nor yourself, but rather harm. Hurry up! Come out of Zoar, up the mountain you must go, If you would be, as you oft sing, "Whiter than the driven snow."

Adj. Phillips.

A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end. "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!" "But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, "then come back to me a month from to-day." And so bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least

The Prescription was not Expensive.

Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected, with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. "Well, as I said, smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you need any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said honestly, "I feel like a different person, and I hope I am a different person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For another famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily readings of this Book I should

Lose my Greatest Source of Strength and Skill.

I never go to an operation without reading my Bible; never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for soursess of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet, I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few people are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.—Forward.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries of the following homes:

*The Evangeline Home for Children, 93 Farley Ave., Toronto.

*The Working Women's Home, 74 Avenue St., Toronto.

*The Home for Girls, 255 Queen Street, London, Ont.

*Liberty Hall, 39 St. Andrews St., Montreal, P.Q.

*The Bridge, 21 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.

*The Redención Home, 100 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.

*The Home for Girls, 105 West Cooper St., Butte, Mont.

*Mariana Street Home, 309 West Cooper St., Butte, Mont.

*Liberty Home, 770 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.

*Stacy Home, 221 Farnby St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

*Souvenir Home, 15 St. Georges St., Montreal, P.Q.

Now, when through the chance to locate coming a

"Stop," said

"Who is there?"

The Christ

"Praise the

friend, Salvator."

"Yes, and

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GAZETTE.

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. JOST. Halifax Rescue Home to Spokane.

ADJT. McDONALD. Burlough, to London Rescue Home.

ENSIGN OGHIVIE. Spokane Rescue Home, to Butte Rescue Home.

Lieut. Liddell. Morrisburg, to be Captain.

Lieut. Patterson. Montreal IV, to be Captain.

Lieut. Reynolds. Montreal P. H. Q., to be Captain.

Cadet G. Yeomans. Sarnia, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Fry. Hamilton Rescue Home, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE G. BOOTH, Commissioner.

Editorial.

The Commissioner's Recovery.

With pleasure we answer herewith the numerous enquiries about the Commissioner's health, which are continually made, and state that Miss Booth is steadily improving, and definitely gaining in strength. Before many weeks elapse we hope to see her completely restored to her former vigor of body and mind, although it is most desirous that she should give herself ample opportunity to become strong, and preclude the possibility of a relapse.

Self-Denial Victory.

Self-Denial Week evidently promises to be a grand success. Major McMillan wires that he has \$200 over his target, over which he is rightly elated and deserves our heartiest congratulations, together with his brave officers and troops. Major Smeeth believes to have surpassed his target; while Major Pickering will be from \$400 to \$500 over his target. This is a remarkable triumph for the new Provincial Officer, and speaks excellently for the C. O. P. officers and soldiery. Major Southall will go at least \$100 over his target. We are uncertain about the other Provinces, but there is every reason to expect the full target, and more, as the total result. The sympathy and readiness to help have been very marked in many quarters. It is an evidence of how much better the public learns to appreciate our work, because it knows us better every year.

WEST ONTARIO'S TRIUMPH.

(By wire.)

Glorious victory. Self-Denial target smashed to atoms, and two hundred dollars over. Hallelujah!—Major McMillan.

Territorial Newslets.

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS.

Wind-Up of Special 14-Days' Revival Meetings—57 Seekers—6 Seniors and 18 Juniors Enrolled.

Major Turner has secured a splendid tent, which will be used by Major Galt and Capt. LeDrew's Spiritual Specials, during their visit to Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, and Napanee. The tent will also be used by our Spiritual Specials at other corps in the East Ontario Province during the summer.

Ensign Bross is farewelling from the Pacific, and will receive an appointment in East Ontario. Mrs. Ensign Wynn will in all probability go to the Pacific Province at an early date.

An enthusiastic gathering was conducted at the Temple, by Major Pickering, on Monday night, 17th inst., when the Self-Denial results of the Central Province were made known. A lantern was used. The Province has totalled the magnificent sum of \$1,016—being \$141 over their target, and \$740 in advance of last year.

Towards the afore-mentioned \$1,016

is all smiles and full of hope for the work he has in hand.

Staff-Capt. Manton's singing was much appreciated, and the good old solo has never missed a single open-air in London. He is getting young again.

We are now bound for Woodstock, where further victories and triumphs await us. But London is O. K., and so is the W. O. P., so says—J. S. P.

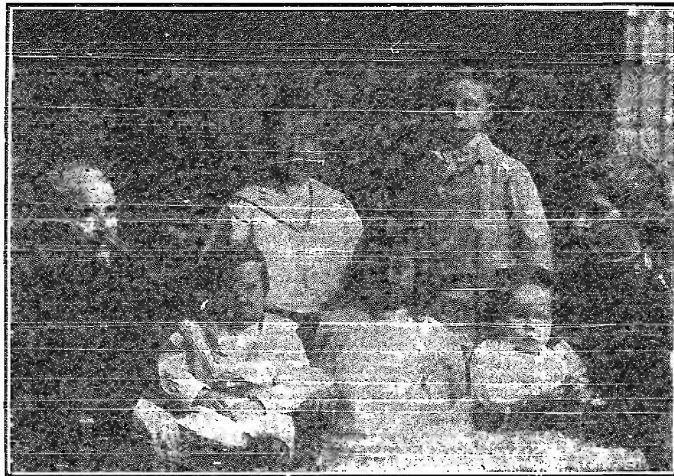
THE CHIEF SECRETARY IN THE EAST

(By wire.)

Chief Secretary's trip through the Eastern Province brilliant success. Old friends greeted. "Painted Lady" drew large crowds. Deep conviction; eighteen souls; finances good; invited to return at every plate. The Colonel in good health. Left for Newfoundland on "Bruce."—Brigadier Sharp.

Nothing but patience in the Christian worker fully represents the Master.—J. R. Miller.

LIEUT-COLONEL AND MRS. MARGETTS AND FAMILY.



Willie. Howard. Mildred.
Herbert. Grace.

Toronto has subscribed \$1,617.45. Adjutant Wakefield, of the Temple, coming first with \$510. The other corps have done equally well.

We congratulate Major Southall and our Western comrades on their grand S.D. victory. The West has gone \$100 over its target.

Sunday's open-air meetings at Lippincott were much above the average in point of interest, crowds, and finances. In the afternoon a successful meeting was conducted in the vicinity of Queen's Park, and at night the circus grounds presented a splendid opportunity. Hundreds of people stood around the ring, and helped liberally with their money.

Colonel Bates has just visited Winnipeg. The Colonel was well received by our Western comrades, and conducted a meeting in the Citadel on Sunday, 16th inst. Major and Mrs. Southall, and the Provincial Staff were present.

Much interest is being manifested in the coming Camp Meetings at Devil's Grove, which promise to eclipse any held in Toronto.

Our T. H. Q. comrades (eight in number) taking part in a special week-end at Oshawa, after a hard day's fight, wheeled 32 miles, and were to be found at their desks early on Monday morning.

Two special open-air meetings were held on the two Saturday afternoons, at 1 o'clock, on the Market Square, in the middle of the buying and selling, etc. God was mightily present. Five hands went up for prayer, and two came forward.

Considering we were here in the warm weather, and then there were counter attractions, such as the soldiers' camp, and several brass bands, a free concert at 8 p.m. nightly on the Market Square, etc., etc., we consider we had glorious times, and give God all the glory.

The following will give our readers some slight idea of what has been accomplished:

57 seekers, 25 of them being for pardon.

The total offerings were about \$35. 770 soldiers were present at the open-air demonstrations.

2,358 persons were present at the inside meetings.

12 Seniors and 18 Juniors were enrolled as Senior and Junior Soldiers.

Adjt. and Mrs. McGillivray have just taken command, and have already got into everybody's heart. They should have a glorious stay in London, with the co-operation of their brave forces. Lieut. Erb, their assistant, is a proper War Cry boomer.

The Junior work is going ahead, and the afternoon meeting on last Saturday was nicely attended, and three seekers. There are some really saved Juniors, and the Sergt.-Major

The stately ruins of human nature are visible to every eye that bear in their front, yet extant, this doleful inscription—"Here God once dwelt." Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man to show the Divine presence, and some time reside in it, before an enough of violence deformity to proclaim that He is now retired and gone. The lamps are extinct, the altar overthrown; the light and love are now vanished, which did the one shine with so heavenly brightness, the other burn with such plow fervor. The golden candlestick is displaced and thrown away as a useless thing, to make way for the throne of the prince of darkness; the sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, is exchanged for a poisonous vapor. The costly order of this house is turned in infinite confusion; the beauties of holiness into noxious impurities; the house of prayer into a den of thieves.

You can read all this confusion as into the ruined palace of some great prince; in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, here the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless, among heaps of dust. The faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decayed state in all respects of the temple too plainly show the Great Inhabitant is gone.—John Howe.



GREAT BRITAIN

Interest in the General Campaign increased, has been fine, and the splendid health.

"Success" is a word which to qualify the Corps-Cadets just coming into existence. The Chief of the Staff, at every point of consideration, is a leader and won over to the movement. It represents him, our Army parents, and her of Cadets now have direct from the Corps-Cadets will press on to the junction with our young people.

On his return from the General was announced in the Congress Hall meeting: "The Lessons

Staff-Capt. Mary Margetts ed to the Central School Naval and Military Section to Major Margaret Murray's interests in South Africa will service to her in the meantime.

Mr. Bramwell Booth directed some large gatherings in Aberystwyth, interest was manifested, which was a calculated to a Hall, Maitland preaches a Social meeting on the 22nd. Hundreds were present from the meeting standing room.

An insurance note: odist and General were killed at the London Colliery explosion. One news the full sum as follows: Adjt. E. B. who made immediate Society's Space-Time Crockett, was likewise the disaster. He was the 15th ult., and was later. A proposal had been on his life, but no issued. Notwithstanding the Directors have payment.

The June All the Way intensely interesting Commissioner We advise our readers copy at once.

Brigadier Lee has in the Foreign Office, to a Continental ship. He will leave the end of June, takes over the European Foreign Office, Holmes returns to the

Brigadier Palmer, of Norway, is farewe

AUSTRALIA

The announcements perched from time to Cry respecting the mandant Herbert Booth past five years, and the of the Army forces. We have somewhat readers for the fact that he has, at length, considered to arrange for his immediate

While the Commandant

smiles and full of hope for work he has in hand.

Capt. Manton's singing was appreciated, and the good old London. He is getting young again.

are now bound for Woodstock, further victories and triumphs. But London is O. K. and the W. O. P., so says—J. S. P.

CHIEF SECRETARY IN THE EAST

(By wire.)

of Secretary's trip through the Province brilliant success. Friends greeted, "Painted Lady" large crowds. Deep conviction; open souls; finances good: intent to return at every place. The General in good health. Left for London on "Bruce."—Brigadier sharp.

ing but patience in the Christ-worker fully represents the Mas. J. R. Miller.

LY.



THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

stately ruins of human nature, visible to every eye that bear in front, yet exert, this doleful portion—"Here God once dwelt." Which appears of the admirable and structure of the soul of to show the Divine presence did time reside in it; more than half of vicous deformity to prove that He is now retired and

The lamps are extinct, the overturned; the light and love now vanished, which did the one with so heavenly brightness, other burn with such pious fervor. The golden candlestick is dashed and thrown away at last, to make way for the thrones of prince and darkness; the sacred which, still rolling up in its rich perfume, is exchanged poisonous vapor. The comedy of this house is turned all into the heart of holiness abominable impurities; the house of God into a den of thieves.

some amid all this confusion as the ruined palace of some great king; in which you see here the rents of noble pillar, here the red pieces of some curious image, and all lying neglected and, among heaps of dust and decayed glory, the darkness, the dirt, the impurity, the decayed in all respects of the temple too show the Great Inhabitant is John Howe.



GRAT BRITAIN.

Interest in the General's Continental Campaign increases. The weather has been fine, and the General is in splendid health.

"Success" is a tame word with which to qualify the Councils for Corps-Cadets just concluded by the Chief of the Staff. They were, in every point of consideration, gratifying to leader and workers alike. The movement is spreading. The idea which it represents is taking hold of our Army, and it is to be hoped that of Cadets now in training who have come direct from the ranks of the Corps-Cadets will deepen the impression as to the possibilities before us with our young people.

On his return from the Continent, the General was announced to lecture in the Congress Hall, Clapton. Subject: "The Lessons of My Life."

Staff-Capt. Mary Murray is appointed to the Central Secretariate of the Naval and Military League, in succession to Major Margaret Allan. Staff-Capt. Murray's interesting experiences in South Africa will be of immense service to her in her new appointment.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth has just conducted some large and influential gatherings in Aberdeen, Scotland. Keen interest was manifested in this visit, which was a decided success, and calculated to help our work. Balhie Maitland presided at a great Social meeting on the Sunday afternoon. Hundreds were turned away from the meeting unable to find even standing room.

An Insurance note: Several "Methodist and General" policy-holders were killed at the late Senkhyd colliery explosion. On receipt of the news the full sums assured were wired to Adj't. Evans, Superintendent, who made immediate settlement. The Society's Sure-Time Agent, Brother Crockett, was likewise a victim to the disaster. He was appointed on the 15th ult., and was killed ten days later. A proposal had just been taken on his life, but no policy had been issued. Notwithstanding this fact, the Directors have made a generous payment.

The June All the World contains an interesting description of Commissioner Howard's Indian tour. We advise our readers to order a copy at once.

Brigadier Lee has vacated his seat in the Foreign Office, and is appointed to a Continental Chief Secretariate. He will leave London about the end of June. Brigadier Mann takes over the European Section in the Foreign Office, and Brigadier Holmes returns to the American Section.

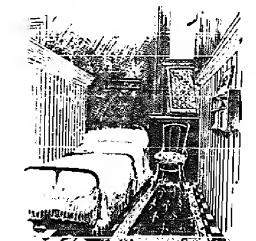
Brigadier Palmer, Chief Secretary of Norway, is farewelling.

AUSTRALASIA.

The announcements which have appeared from time to time in the War Cry respecting the health of Commandant Herbert Booth, who, for the past five years has been in command of the Army forces in Australasia, will have somewhat prepared our readers for the fact that the General has, at length, considered it desirable to arrange for his immediate farewell. While the Commandant's condition of

health has recently improved, it is but fair to state that this is largely the result of his cessation from certain duties; and his symptoms are such that, were he to incur the risk of doing all that is expected of him, he would inevitably break down. The General has, therefore, arranged that the Commandant, in relinquishing his command, shall take such rest as shall be necessary to his complete recovery.

Commandant H. H. Booth, as the head of the Salvation Army in Australia, attended the State Luncheon, held at the Government House, Melbourne, on Tuesday last, for the purpose of presenting His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York, with an address, typical of the Salvation Army in every respect. In the first place it was the work of one of our own artists, who had portrayed with admirable skill, a fully-uniformed Salvationist bearing the Blood-and-Fire flag. On the same page were five or six small pictures, representing our work among the destitute, among the fallen, feeding the hungry, and sheltering the homeless, the whole series finishing with a drum-head conversion, true in every detail. The address, which was most beautifully designed, had a border composed for the most part of Australian flowers, and the second page bore the coats of arms of the federal States, the whole being chantey illuminated and with such admirable taste as to lend nothing to be desired. In fact, we have, on good authority, that it was one of the most striking addresses, not only from its Salvation character, but in its diction and design, that was presented, although some were of much more costly description.



An Up-to-Date "Cubicle" in the New Training Home, Melbourne.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will be remembered with deep gratitude and joy by hundreds of Australian people, for whom the Government provided liberally. Free meals were distributed through the various philanthropic agencies of Melbourne, and in this work of benevolence the Army has had a large share, 3,600 hungry folks being fed at the Army's institutions.

WEST INDIES.

The total proceeds of the recent Self-Denial effort were £520. The success of the effort is another indication of the growing appreciation of the Army's work by all classes of people in the West Indies.

The problem of the fallen womanhood of the West Indian Colonies is at the present time occupying the serious consideration of the Press and public. It has been deeply gratifying to observe the unanimity of

the Press in urging the desirability of the Army opening a suitable Home.

Mrs. Brigadier Gale's health continues to be far from satisfactory.

Brigadier Gale has just visited Trinidad, where it is intended to open an early date. Trinidad is the second largest of the British West Indies Islands, and with its population of over 200,000 people, offers a magnificent opportunity for the Salvation Army.

A change of Field Officers throughout the Territory, affecting fully 40 corps, takes place at the latter end of June.



The South African situation is somewhat less cheerful, on account of several reverses reported. In the Transvaal, Col. Vlaming, who was attacked by the Boers who had set fire to the veldt, and under cover of the smoke, advanced and succeeded in taking two guns, actually turning the guns on the British troops. The Derbyshire Regiment, in a dash attack, recovered the guns. The enemy finally retired. The loss of killed and wounded on both sides was considerable.—The Boers have succeeded in capturing two hundred and a Victoria Mounted Rifles near Middelburg. These two successes have led to increased activity on the part of the Boers.—The Boer losses during the week ending May 27th were estimated over four hundred in killed, wounded, captured, or surrendered.—The number of prisoners confined in the concentration camps in the two colonies is now over forty thousand men, women, and children. The mortality among the children has been rather exceptional, and inquiries are made as to the cause of mortality. The Boer in the Colony is considered anything but satisfied. In some quarters it is recommended to suspend the constitution and declare Military Government in Cape Colony.—General De Wet has been engaged by General Elliott, and defeated, losing forty-five prisoners, and considerable ammunition and cattle.

The Chinese question has been settled in a manner, although diplomatic negotiations will go on for a long time to come before every detail is arranged. Possibly the final points of dispute will be arranged by The Hague Peace Association.

The Mad Mullah has attacked the British column three times, but has been repulsed on every occasion. The British lost ten killed, and succeeded in cutting off the supply camp of the enemy, capturing five thousand head of cattle. The Mullah is reported to have lost five hundred men. A decisive battle is imminent.

Owing to the scarcity of labor for the mines in Bulawayo, it is expected that considerable importation of Chinese laborers will be arranged for.

The trackmen of the C. P. R. are on strike both east and west. Seven hundred men are reported to be out at British Columbia, and five hundred at the eastern end. Altogether about five thousand men are expected to be affected by it, but no certain action has yet taken place.

A big fire in the lumber camp of Parry Sound caused a loss of \$250,000 to the Ontario Lumber Company.

Three men broke jail at Chatham, Ont., and have so far not been recaptured. One hundred dollars reward is offered by the Government for their re-capture.

According to a statement published by the British Post Office authorities, nearly thirty-four thousand women are employed by the Post Office.

During the month of May five thousand new settlers reached Winnipeg, Man.

The Hon. A. S. Hardy, former Premier of Ontario, died at Toronto on the 13th, from an attack of appendicitis, and was buried at Brampton. The deceased was born on December 14th, 1837, and after experience as solicitor and barrister, entered the Ontario Legislature in 1873, became Premier on July 18th, 1885, and retired from political life October 18th, 1899.

A great review of German troops will be held at Mayence, August 14th, at which King Edward and the Czar will be guests of Emperor William.

A serious riot occurred at Kingston, Ont., in connection with the effort to run street cars with non-union men.

President McKinley has issued a statement to the effect that he will not accept a third term of office.

The French Senate will likely pass the famous law of associations. It was originally meant to restrict the Roman Catholic Church's influence in schools, etc., but will affect all religious denominations more or less, and doubtless will constitute a serious obstacle to the progress of the Salvation Army in France.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall have received a great public demonstration on their visit to New Zealand. Many Maoris, in native costume, joined in the welcome.

King Edward has personally decorated three thousand veterans of the South African campaign, in St. James Square. The ceremony lasted three hours.

Five negroes were hanged from one gallows at Sylvania, Ga., having, on the confession of one of their number, been convicted of murdering two white men.

The fire at the Russian shipyards consumed the ships, the cruiser Witjas, and other vessels, the Government and other buildings, also several military warehouses filled with supplies. Twelve persons lost their lives in the flames. The damage amounts to 10,000,000 roubles.

MAJOR GALT AT LINDSAY.

Triumphant Week-End.

(By wire.)

Second Sunday of Spiritual Specials, Major Galt and Capt. LeDrew, at Lindsay, has been the best yet. Result: Four souls increased interest, half twice filled, ordinary Sunday collections quadrupled. Enrolment Monday.—Adj't. Bate.

WISE COUNSELLORS.

If you cannot find a counsellor who combines these two kinds of qualifications (i.e., promptitude and deliberation), which is a thing not to be calculated on—you should seek for some of each sort: one to devise and mature measures that will admit of delay, and another to make prompt and sudden, sudden, sudden, expedients. A bow such as is appointed of by our modern toxicophiles must be "backed"—that is, made of two slips of wood glued together, one of very elastic but somewhat brittle wood, the other much less elastic, but very tough. The one gives the requisite spring, the other keeps it from breaking. If you have two such counsellors as are here spoken of, you are provided with a "backed" bow.—Rd. Whately.

He who despises the great is condemned to honor the little; and he who is in love with trifles can have no taste for the great.—Lavater.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER II.

THE GERMANS AND ROMANS.

Just as it was with the Britons and Gauls, the first we know of the Germans was when the Romans began to fight with them. In the year Julius Caesar was in Gaul, there was a great chief among the tribe called Schermund (Suevi, as the Romans made it) called Ehrfurst (Honor Prince), or, as in Latin, Arlovistus, who had been invited into Gaul to settle the quarrel of the two tribes of Gauls in the north. This he did by conquering them both; but they then begged help from Caesar, and Ehrfurst was beaten by the Romans and driven back. Caesar then crossed the Rhine by a bridge of boats and ravaged the country, staying there for eighteen days. He was so struck with the bravery of the Germans that he persuaded their young men to serve in his legions, which they were very useful, but they also learned to fight in the Roman fashion.

Germany was let alone till the time of the Emperor Augustus, when his stepson, Drusus, tried to make it a Province of Rome, and built fifty fortresses along the Rhine, besides cutting a canal between that river and the Yssel, and sailing along the coast of the North Sea. He three times entered Germany, and in the year B. C. 9, after hearing the Marchmen, was just going to cross the Elbe, when one of the Velledas, a woman of great stature, stood before the army and said, "If you greedily robber us, we would then go to the life of the other deads and the life be at hand." The Romans turned back dismayed; and thirty days later Drusus was killed by a fall from his horse.

Drusus' brother, Tiberius, went on with the attempt, and gained some land, while other tribes were allies of Rome, and all seemed likely to be conquered, when Quinctilius Varus, a woman who came out to take the command, began to do it rudely and harshly with the Germans that a young chief, named Herman, or Arminius, was aroused. He had secret meetings at night in the woods with other chiefs, and they agreed to be faithful to one another in the name of their gods. When all was ready information was given to Varus that a tribe in the north had revolted. He would not listen to Siegert or Segestes, the honest German who advised him to be cautious, and to keep Herman as a hostage, and set out with three legions to put it down; but his German guides led him into the thickest of the great Teutoburg forest, and the further they went the worse it grew. Trunks of trees blocked up the road, darts were hurled from behind trees, and when at last an open space was gained, after many days' struggle through the woods, a huge host of foes was drawn up there, and in the dreadful fight that followed almost every Roman was cut off, and Varus threw himself on his own sword.

Herman married the daughter of Siegert, and was chief of the Hartz mountains, aided by his uncle Ingomar; but after five years, A. D. 14, the Emperor Tiberius sent the son of Drusus—who was called already, from his father's successes, Germanicus—against him. Some of the Germans, viewing Siegert as a friend or Rome, besieged his village, and were going to burn it. The Germanicus sent a tame to disperse them and save Siegert. Thunemita, the wife of Herman, was with her father, and was sent off as a prisoner to Rome, with her baby; while Germanicus marched into the Teutoburg, found the bones of the army of Varus, and burnt them on a funeral pile, making a speech calling on his men to avenge their death. But Herman's horsemen fell on him and defeated him, and the Germans had not been so eager to plunder they would have made a greater victory known. They drove the Romans back across the Rhine, and the next year were ready for them, and had a tremendous battle on the banks of the Wesser. In this the Romans prevailed,

and Herman himself was badly wounded, and was only saved by the fleetness of his horse. However, he was not daunted, and still kept in the woods, and harassed the Romans, once forcing them to take refuge in their ships.

Tiberius grew jealous of the love the army bore to Germanicus, and sent for him to return to Rome. Herman thus had saved his country, but he had come to expect more power than his chief thought his due, and he was slain by his own kinsmen, A.D. 19, when only 37 years old. His wife and child had been shown in Germanicus' triumph, and he never seems to have seen them again. It

was during this war that the great Roman historian, Tacitus, came to learn the habits and manners of the Germans, and was so struck with their simple truth and bravery that he wrote an account of them which seems as an example for the fallen and corrupt Romans of his time.

There were no more attempts to conquer Germany after this; but the Germans, in the year 69, helped in the rising of a Gaulish chief, named Civilis, against the Romans, and a Velleda, who lived in a lonely tower in the forests near the Lippe, encouraged him. He prevailed for a time, but then fell.

(To be continued.)



Souls Saved—Target Smashed.

Ahmic Harbor.—God is giving us the victory in this place. We have smashed our Self-Denial target, and one precious soul volunteered for salvation on Tuesday night, while another held up his hand for prayer. Many are deeply convicted, and we are believing they will soon come.—G. Lamb, Lient.

A Sister Found Peace.

Bismarck.—Victory is again the cry here. God came very near on Sunday, and one sister sought and found peace. Deep conviction was stamped on the faces of others. To God we give the glory and press on, praying for an outpouring of the Spirit.—A. R. H. Bristow, Lient.

Braved the Storm.

Channel.—The past week has been one of blessing to us. Many are under conviction and we are believing for a mighty crush of the enemy's ranks. We are about to say farewell to our officers. We wish them many blessings, and pray that they may bring many precious souls to the Cross. Although our reports have been few during the past winter, we have braved the storm. We can see in the distance Goliath as he comes forth defying our little Army, and, like young David, we have faith in God, and with the sword of faith we mean to bruise the serpent's head.—Sergt. Major Gosse.

Eight Souls—A Great Change.

Clerk's Harbor.—Self-Denial is something of the past. By prayer, faith, and works the target was raised. Cadet Nickerson has been well and has gone to Yarmouth Training Home. Many God bless her now in her labors. Eight souls have been born since. One is an ex-soldier. Everything is on the upgrade. A nice horse has been painted around the hall, also some nice mottoes. The windows have been repaired and painted, the roof shingled, new doors put in the front, etc. The soldiers are happy and fighting for souls.—Inez Cowell.

Christianity in Five Scenes.

Fairville.—The officers here have just had a special meeting entitled, "Christianity in five scenes," which was a bounding success. The hall was filled and the meeting was well attended. Lunch was served. Everybody was in raptures over it. Self-Denial is on the go, and our plucky little Captain is bound to reach her target, which is \$50. I tell you, she is not been disappointed; our target of \$70 was reached and sent in. This is not bad for a town of about fifteen hundred people.—Jesephro.

The P. O.'s Visit—Nine Souls.

Fredericton.—It is now some time since you heard from the Celestial City, but we are neither dead nor sleeping. Our worthy D. O., Adjt. Jennings, finds work for all to do, and we are glad to report victory. Since last report we have been here on a visit from the P. O., Brigadier Sharp, and Staff-Capt. Phillips, who gave us a week-end. The meetings were a blessing to our souls, and those who were convicted in the holiness meeting, but did not yield to the power of the Holy Ghost, lost a

blessing they will never regain. Nine souls sought Christ during the day, and since then victory has been ours, with souls coming home. The effect of these meetings has been far-reaching, and the Brigadier and Staff-Captain will always find a welcome in Fredericton. Self-Denial is the topic of the day, and we are not coming out behind, but up to the standard of former years. There are whispers in the air, but—wait.—Duplex Des Moines.

One Soul at the P. O.'s Visit.

Gravenhurst.—We have just had a visit from Major Pickering, our new P. O., and Staff-Capt. Stanyon. A grand crowd met together to listen to our leaders, and expecting to hear something good were not disappointed. God's Spirit operated on the hearts of all present, and in the prayer meeting one soul knelt at the Cross.—P. G. L.

Determined to Conquer.

Great Falls.—We are pressing forward, and by the help of God are determined to conquer the devil in every way. The meetings all week were fine, and all day Sunday God was with us and poured out His blessing upon us. We are praying and believing for souls.—J. R.

Halting Between Two Opinions.

Herring Neck.—On Tuesday we had a visit from our Provincial Officer, Major Smeeton, accompanied by Ensigns Gosling and Snow. God came near and blessed our souls. The Major poured in some Holy Ghost fire, and many were convicted of their wrong-doing. He would yield. One man took his cap and said he would either have to go to the Cross or leave the meeting. He decided upon the latter. We pray that God will, by His Holy Spirit, trouble him until he surrenders. The people are a real inspiration to us all. Two backsiders returned and two came out for complete deliverance from sin in the holiness meeting. Our S.D. target is sure. We have made a good start in the building fund, receiving \$400 from six men.—Kendall.

to our open-air on Saturday night. Much interest was manifested throughout the country, many attending. The Captain was dressed in special costume, and dealt with his subject in a way well for the day. Everything is rising. To God we give all the glory. Self-Denial target smashed. This effort has done the corps good.—Capt. Sheard.

Children's Jubilee—One Soul.

Newcastle.—Self-Denial is home. The Lieutenant has gone over her target. We had a meeting at our open-air the other night. On account of the bill-poster not being there, the hall was in darkness when we arrived, so an open-air meeting was started. Some kind friends at this moment opened the hall, and allowed us in. We have had a children's Jubilee which proved successful. The most interesting part was a song by a little girl by the name of Copeland. On Sunday night one came out for pardon.—T. A. F. O.

Many in Tears.

North Bay.—We have had beautiful meetings all week. Sunday was a day never to be forgotten. Major Pickering, our new P. O., and Staff-Capt. Stanyon, conducted the meetings in the afternoon and evening. God's Spirit was felt and many were brought to tears. We believe a great work is being done, and that we shall reap the benefit of this visit in the near future.—Jonnie Bone, Lient.

A Slave for Thirty Years.

North Sydney.—Our Self-Denial was a grand success. Special meetings, large crowds, and good collections are the order of the day. We also have a new organ. Sixteen souls have professed salvation in the past six weeks. One was a man who had been a slave to tobacco for nearly thirty years. He smashed his pipe and got the victory.—Minnie Price.

Good Cases of Conversion.

Ottawa.—It is some time since you heard from the Temporal City. We have had some real conflict. Christianity is the Goliath that we have to fight these days. Self is also a big monster. We have had a few souls seeking salvation. One good case, a backsider, returned last week, and has taken his stand for God. Our beloved friend, Staff-Captain Burditt, has given us another visit. His presence and spiritual talks in the meetings were a real inspiration to us all. Two backsiders returned and two came out for complete deliverance from sin in the holiness meeting. Our S.D. target is sure. We have made a good start in the building fund, receiving \$400 from six men.—Kendall.

Five Cry for Mercy.

Riverside.—We are glad to report good meetings all day Sunday, led by Adjt. Walker. We had a beautiful time at night, and were glad to see five coming to the Mercy Seat and crying for pardon. May God bless them.—Corps-Cader McCarney.

Souls Saved—A Minister's Son.

St. John I.—We are having big times. The visit of our dear Brigadier and Staff-Captain was wonderful. The salvation addresses of the day were powerful and convincing. At 11 a.m. there were three seekers. At 3 p.m. one, a minister's son, and at 7:30 p.m. three. Oh, it was an old-timer. The fire broke out in knee-drill, and never died out all day. Brigadier Sharp excelled himself. Capt. Flemming and Stubbs were in evidence all day, and assisted nobly. Many beside the seekers were in tears. God is moving wonderfully in our midst. Our crowds and finances are real good. Every week God is making His arm bare on our behalf, and victory is ours. Self-Denial is all right. Count on No. 1. every time. God will reward and bless the faithfulness of the dear comrades by getting them souls for their hire.—McElheney.

Two Captures.

Missoula.—Mrs. Ensign Cummins and Sister Sprague went up the Bitter Root Valley, and to Wallace, Wardner, and Mullen, collecting for S.D. They did well. We have reached our goal. The meetings were good all week, and, best of all, two precious souls were snatched from the ranks of sin.—J. H. F., R. C.

Much Interest Manifested.

Naanaimo, B.C.—Over five hundred people lined the street and listened to the power of the Holy Ghost, lost a



CONSECRATION.

By C. A. P.

RUE consecration involves sacrifice which can be experienced in many ways. All important attainments have been begged and brought to fruition through sacrifice and earnest effort. It is the price one has to pay for success. What has the world not been achieved through true consecration? It has involved untiring self-denial. A husbandman must attend to it if he desires to scale from the lowest rung to the highest on the ladder of commercial fame. The man on the farm must practice it if he purposes one day to be a successful farmer. The sailor, if he expects one day to be a commander, must lay aside his selfish likes and go through the drudgery, as he may term it, of an ordinary seaman first. The most gratifying is success it obtained with a struggle. In every vocation of life that involves hardship, men must consecrate themselves to it, and throw the difficulties and throw their whole being and energy into one ceaseless effort to make their life-chosen calling a success.

How many there are who start out well in life, but do not go through as they expect. Why is it? Simply because they did not take in fully the situation at the start and consecrate themselves for hardness, disappointment, and extreme self-denial. Failure on their part to adapt themselves to, and abide by, the conditions that lead to all true success brought about a

Sad Failure in Life's Mission.

As in the temporal affairs of life, so in the spiritual, we find the same sorrowful example of dedicated endeavor, simply because of an incomplete consecration at the start. How many persons attend to start out on the high Christian course, and then give up the idea of persisting or not in their onward march. They may give up the idea of pressing on after a while, so they say they consecrate, not for life, but for a season only.

This thought was brought to me a few days ago with great force, while looking at a picture adorning the walls of an officer's quarters. It was a farewell scene between mother and son. There stood the mother in deep mourning, no doubt a widow, bidding "good-bye" to her son who was going to the front of the fight as a mere drummer. The tear could be seen on the mother's cheek, and the look of sad resignation on the face. So sad and real did it appear that an officer, in viewing it, could not but weep. There stood the warship in the harbor, no doubt waiting for certain detachments of soldiers, and among them her boy. Underneath that pictured scene were the words so full of sorrow and resignation:

"It May Be for Years, and It May Be for Ever."

Verily, here was portrayed true consecration. Quite possibly that mother had lost her husband through war's cruel agency, and yet, notwithstanding all this, she gives her son up with words which were to her the embodiment of sacrifice, "It may be for years, and it may be for ever."

She did not know how the fortunes of war were to play with her boy. She knew not whether God would again give him back to her or not; but in the anguish of her mother's heart, she yields him to the service of His Queen and country. It, no doubt, meant a great deal to her. Perhaps the crushing of the heart, it may be, yet there was one bright consolation, the fact that she had given him for a noble cause.

The above-quoted words are very suggestive. It signifies that her sacrifice was a true, and then a brave one, for many years. It was not easily lasting. If for ever, it would be extremely sad, yet the boy had been given unreservedly to the service of his country. It was not with her to decide the limit of their separation. God was responsible

East Ontario Notes.

ON TOUR WITH MAJOR TURNER.

By A TRAVELER.

Reaching the historic City of Quebec, we were met at the station by the newly-married man, Capt. Norman, who conducted us to the quarters, where we immediately sat down to a pleasant repast prepared in excellent taste by Mrs. Norman. Needless to say, Capt. and Mrs. Norman are happy, and the Captain assures us that a good wife is indispensable. Although the unsettled state of the weather was somewhat against us, yet the meetings were a real blessing, and an inspiration to us all; sinners were convicted of sin, one surrendering to God, while a number desired to be prayed for.

Monday morning we took a trip to the famous "Plains of Abraham," and we viewed the scene of the new world's greatest battle-fields, and thought of the heroes who fell there, we dropped on our knees, pledging ourselves to be loyal to God, and fight to the last in this great war against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

At present extensive plans for the remodeling of our barracks are under consideration, and we are believing in the near future to have one of the best buildings in the Province for Social and Spiritual work.

We were unfortunately delayed on the train for Sherbrooke, and did not arrive until twenty minutes past eight o'clock. At the station little band of brave soldiers met us, and marched with us to the barracks, the Major leading with his cornet. A good crowd awaited us, and we had a very enjoyable meeting. The Major's splendid talk was appreciated by all. The Owens Brothers are in charge here, and although there are exceptional difficulties the work is progressing and souls are being saved.

On the following day we left for the Land of the Star-Spangled Banner, accompanied by Captain Owens, the Halibut, Weinhman, Newport was our first stop, where Ensign Yerex welcomed us at the depot platform.

The public meeting was a great success. Solos were rendered by Lieut. Ryan, and Capt. Owens; the Major gave a soul-stirring talk on the "Water of Life," and a duet by the P. O. and Capt. Owens were features of the evening. We believe that a work was done for God, although none yielded.

St. Johnsbury, our next appointment, is one of the prettiest spots in Vermont. The people are the essence of cordiality. Through the courtesy of Brother Rodiff, we had the opportunity of witnessing how the famous Fairbank scales are made.

The meeting at night was a decided success. The baby band, which is making fine progress, under the supervision of Bro. Rodiff, rendered excellent music. The inside meeting was good. The P. O. and Captain sang a couple of duets very effectively.

In the middle of the testimony meeting one brother rushed to the penitent form, and cried for mercy. The Major took him by the hand, "Man's thoughts," and they were impressed. Some raised to be prayed for, and one soul surrendered to God.

The Major believes the opportunities for S. A. work are unlimited, and predicts a glorious victory for the S. A. in the Green Mountains.

Taking the Self-Denial Target Fort at Halifax I.

Early on the morning of May 1st orders were received that a company stationed at Halifax, under the command of Adj't. Dowell, was to besiege the city and take the \$500 fort for the day. On May 2nd the Adj't. mustered his troops and determined that \$500 could be found in the pockets of the people, which must be taken out, and that before the 24th of the same month.

Sergt.-Major Collins, with the as-

sistance of P. S. M. Casbin and Mrs. Dowell, was to command the centre front firing line. Sergt. Ware, an old Crimean veteran, was to command the right flank, and Sergt. D. Morgan and Treas. Casbin to take charge of the left flank; Capt. Doyle and the hand-boys to act as scouts and pickets. J. S. M. Romans and his star were to form the ambulance corps and pick up all lame money, and anything they could get.

Bright and early on the morning of the 13th the sledge commenced. Never did a band look better. Sergt. Ware, with all his medals shining, marched off to the right, and Sergt. D. Morgan and Treas. Casbin to the left, then a cheer and the women warriors came to the front. The last cheer and they are gone to conquer or die.

The scouts had gone early in the morning, and the pickets had been placed the night before.

All went well on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, but on the 17th the scouts came in with a report that the fort could not be taken.

On the 18th word was received from Sergt. Ware that he was having victory.

On the 19th came word that Sergt. Morgan would carry all before him.

Took an active part in the effort, and if you were to ask "What is up with the Woodstock band?" you would hear many say, "It's all right!" They are all alive, and can breed a lot of play; and they did quite a lot of the latter during the D. O. campaign, for they recruited quite a number of the prominent citizens, who gave liberally and also spoke very highly of the valuable services rendered by the Army in ameliorating the condition of our race, physically, morally, and spiritually. The band took in nearly double the amount ever taken in before, and they appreciate greatly the many acts of kindness shown them by our friends, especially the support provided by the Postmaster's wife, as it came at a time when needed. Weather being agreeable, the general day was forthcoming on the sides. Many other manifestations of sympathy I mention. One gentleman gave \$10, and one or two others \$5 each; in fact, everyone serenaded did splendidly. The other collectors, too, found the people deeply in sympathy with the work of the Army, even if they were not able to give. The Captain was heart to remark that it was joy to do collecting in Woodstock, because everyone spoke so favorably of the Army's work.

Scripture, and the interested parties stood forward, the bride supported by Capt. McCann of Huron St., and the bridegroom by Capt. Langridge, also of Huron St. corps. The "I will" were clearly spoken, and the Major declared our comrade to be man and wife. Bro. Miller saluted his new wife in the usual way, which "brought down the house."

Newmarket is fortunate to secure Major Plokerling to do his first weddin in the Province. Everyone declares he is all right. We were favored with short speeches from Capt. McCann and Capt. LeCocq, the latter saying he was pleased he had a good wife. Capt. Langridge gave those present some good spiritual advice, as did also Bro. and Sister Miller. The Major then brought the interesting news, everyone close by praying that the seal of God might be placed on the union. We all say, "Amen."

The novel open-air banquet that followed the wedding service was done justice to by about 100 persons. Everyone seemed to enjoy each other's company, especially the supper provided by the Postmaster's wife in the case of Bro. and Sister Miller. The bride excelled in the cake cutting, and as some of the young folks were eating it, I fancy I heard them say they would like to be the next. Capt. Brooks, of Aurora, favored us with a solo, accompanied by the autoharp, at the close. The Newmarket corps with our comrades success and prosperity. —Froggie.

ONE TAKEN,
THE OTHER LEFT.

LIFE-SKETCH OF JOS. LOGAN, OF SPOKANE CORPS.

The following brief account of my career will, I hope, be a lesson to you who read this, who as yet have not started to lead a Christian life.

I was born in Manchester, England. At the age of 17 I contracted the gambling mania, which, up to the time of my conversion, was the bight of my life. Starting to work for a noted firm of India Rubber Manufacturers, I labored at the mill at the age of 16. I rose by degrees till I reached my 18th year, when I was promoted to the position of stock keeper, the firm employing no less than 800 people in its different departments. I had only been in the firm's employ one year when I started gambling on horse races, though as yet I had not tasted strong drink. With the rise in my business position began my social downfall, for not only did I have more money to gamble, but some years afterwards I acquired the appetite for strong drink, and became also a heavy smoker, using about five ounces a week until just before my conversion the average per week rose to eight ounces.

Through my excessive drink and my neglect of business

I Finally Lost My Situation.

In September, 1890, I arrived in London, Eng., a distance of 166 miles from Manchester, and was lucky enough to get work in a few days after my arrival with a firm of Waterproof Coat Manufacturers. My work consisted of keeping the place tidy, and resolved, in my own strength, after being so fortunate to obtain work in the great city, to lead a better life. For some four years I got along splendidly, rising, after one year, to packer in the warehouse, at times attended to checking the goods that came from various towns and also assisting the book-keepers. Alas! just as the manager had arranged for me to take charge of the Retail Department, at one of their city stores, the old desire for gambling broke out, and once again my prospects were dashed to the ground.

I spent what I had accumulated during that time in gambling and drinking, and shortly after left London with a friend, Ted, who had roomed with me, and who was a confirmed drunkard. We had a little money, and it being summer time, we agreed to travel on foot, trying to get employment at different towns as we passed through. Ted was fortunate to obtain a job first, in Birmingham.

So I traveled alone to Manchester, and there secured employment as

laborer in the various works before, it was in the way of the latter. After working for a short time I had occasion to resolve to pursue some other occupation, and address given, I found that Ted's locality had passed the worse for wear, so I just reached the when he lost his job, and he had to go back to Newmarket.

Striking His Head.

In the descent, from which they plowed him, lifted him into the air, and then laid him on the way to the bridge, in front of the company, shouting and cheering him. This, no doubt, was a lesson to me; I have not forgotten it.

Shortly after mind to go to Canada, Liverpool, arriving Quebec, in April, my entrance into

As Drunk a

Then came to Brattleboro, Vt., I worked on the road and spent most of my time in

United States.

On the 9th of

at the Mercy S. Army barracks, I

asked Christ to

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Fifteen months

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both in Spokane

charge of the Son

B. C.—Joe Logan

—

Every brooch

health produces

which eventually

Spencer.



S.-M. Mrs. Collins. Mrs. Adj't. Dowell. Adj't. Dowell. P. S.-M. Casbin, Convert S.-M. Morgan, Sergt. Ware, Treasurer Casbin.

and late in the afternoon Sergt.-Major Collins sent in word to say they would silence the guns in their part of the field and our hearts were cheered.

On the 21st and 22nd reports kept coming in that all were having victory.

On the 23rd one of the scouts reported everything giving way, and on the evening of the 24th we were able to hoist the flag of victory, having secured our target, and a few dollars over for expenses.

What a cheer went up as it was made known on the 26th that Sergt. Ware had carried off first prize and captured \$100; Sergt. Morgan 2nd prize of \$74; Sergt.-Major Mrs. Collins 3rd prize with \$54, and the Treasurer taking \$30. The Ambulance Corps picked up over \$100.

Some individuals were paid off with "God bless you's" and a promise of getting their pensions in the other land, and to be ready to report for H. F. about October.—G. H. Dowell, Adj't.

Woodstock's Self-Denial Victory.

I have been silent for a long time, but I could not let the Self-Denial battle and victory pass without reporting the same. To say it was an easy victory is putting it mildly. The band is only ten in number, but they

Two Corps-Cadets (Jessie Pearson and Emma Reynolds) took their auto-harps, and while canvassing their districts, sang and played to everyone who gave them money and required no song, and as a result took in over \$7.

They were timid at starting, and wanted me to go with them, but I told them under no way they went into the office with a will. Another Corps-Cadet (Willie Hillis) \$5.51, and the remainder of the comrades, and also the Juniors, did well, and are quite cheered over the victory achieved.

We are busy now announcing the visit of the Jones Sisters, and also the Red-Hot Revivalists. A rousing time is anticipated.—Geo. Kenway, Adj't.

Wedding Bells at Newmarket.

The wedding service of Bro. Miller and Sister Jack having been announced, a crowd worthy of the occasion gathered in the barracks. Staff-Capt. Stanion lined out song 77, which was sung heartily, and during the singing of the same the wedding party arrived and took their places. Capt. Brooks and LeCocq graced that the blessing of the Lord will continue with our comrades through life. Staff-Capt. Stanion soloed; Major Plokerling made a few remarks with regard to weddings, the D. O. read a portion of

Star

(Taken at

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. MARGETTS.

(Continued from page 5.)

In the Prairies.

laborer in the very place where, years before, I was stock-keeper. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard. After working for some six months, I had occasion to visit Birmingham, so resolved to pay a visit to Ted, my former companion. I called at the address given, but was informed by Ted's landlady that my late companion had passed away. Coming home the worse for drink one Saturday night, he was making his way to his room on the second floor, and had just reached the top of the stairs, when he lost his balance and fell headwards.

Striking His Head Against the Stairs
in the descent, causing unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. They placed him on a stretcher and lifted him into a closed conveyance, his head towards the front of it, but on the way to the hospital the horse became restless and kicked in the front of the conveyance, at the same time striking poor Ted's skull, and shattering his brains in all directions. This, no doubt, ought to have been a lesson to me; but no, I still kept on gambling and drinking as before.

Shortly after that I made up my mind to go to Canada, and sailed from Liverpool, arriving at Point Levis, Quebec, in April, 1898. I celebrated my entrance into the new country by getting

As Drunk as Never Before:

then came to British Columbia, where I worked on the railroad for a time, and spent most of two years to the United States.

On the 9th of March, 1898, I knelt at the Mercy Seat in the Salvation Army barracks, at Victoria, B. C., and asked Christ to pardon the past.

What a Past!

Fifteen months have since passed, which time God has kept me from gambling, drinking, smoking, and, in fact, has cleared me, though I might say, I was working at home for thirteen months out of the fifteen I have been saved, for one of the largest firms in this city. Now I often wonder why God called Ted in his sins and spared me. Truthfully I can say, "His blood can make the vilest clean." I might add that Adj. Dudd, of the Haven here, was in a great way instrumental in helping me to Christ, helping me financially, both in Spokane, and when he had charge of the Social Work in Victoria. B. C.—Jos. Logan, Spokane Corps.

West Ontario.

Following again to search of men the Commandant mentioned to him that he desired to keep him a little longer in Canada, whereupon the Brigadier volunteered for another Provincial appointment, and was sent to the West Ontario, in March, '98. At that time a great deal of tact and skill were necessary in the Province to overcome the many difficulties and complications that existed. The Brigadier showed himself capable for the task. He restored confidence, won wavering ones over, and weeded out the undesirable element. He cleared also considerable Provincial debt, as well as debts from the corps. During his term of office he secured the London Citadel, and new barracks at Simcoe and Wingham, besides a night school, and the like, and the education of sixteen other corps. The statistics, during the three years spent in West Ontario, show most favorably. One hundred and twenty candidates applied. The average of souls saved was raised from thirteen to fifty-six per week. Junior and Senior attendances, J. S. Companions, and Local Officers were doubled. The sale of War Crys was raised from 1,416 to 5,875, and the results of special efforts, such as Harvest Festival and Self-Denial, were also doubled.

Territorial Secretary.

A complete breakdown compelled Brigadier Margetts to have a prolonged rest. After having recuperated, he was appointed as Territorial Secretary to the Toronto Headquarters. This appointment brought with

it a great many responsibilities, especially as just at that time the Chief Secretary took seriously ill, and his duties fell upon the shoulders of the Territorial Secretary. Seeing that many special efforts just at that time had to be looked after, one can readily understand the high pressure at which the Territorial Secretary had to work. Harry Festival and Self-Denial followed in close succession, then came the great War Cry organization boom at Christmas, 1897, followed by the General's visit and the Siege.

When Colonel Jacobs resumed his position as Chief Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Margetts (for he had now been promoted) put his entire efforts in the inspection of our corps, Provinces, and Social Institutions. His experience, and strong knowledge of the Territory, made him an excellent adviser, and enabled him to put the entire machinery of administration in a more methodical working order. The spiritual results of his visits from coast to coast, also, were most pronounced. His meetings were successful in every portion of the Territory, and will be remembered with pleasure by multitudes.

The Colonel is nothing if he is not methodical. He possesses the happy knack of keeping cool under trying circumstances, and going at his work in a persistent, busines-like manner.

He has been very systematic in keeping an account of his own doings, and his diary shows that during the last thirteen years in Canada he has seen six thousand one hundred and eighty-six souls at the penitent form, and during the last ten years has traveled one hundred and twenty-nine thousand four hundred and twenty-two miles on Army service.

—
MRS. MARGETTS.

Mrs. Margetts has seen considerably more yeoman service in the British Field than the Colonel. As Lieutenant and Captain she has held many appointments, finally being appointed to the Training Home Staff, commanding three different Garrisons of women. Col. D. O. came up, and was much opposed by the members of the stronger sex. The General, however, was determined to make a test, and the lot fell upon Capt. Polly Ashton. Her success as D. O. was so clearly demonstrated that the General appointed several others to the same position.

About that time Colonel Margetts was on furlough in England, when he met Staff-Capt. Ashton, and, as we know nothing of the personal conversations that took place on various occasions, and doubt whether there were any witnesses. We know this

much, however, that soon after his return to Toronto, rumors went about that Staff-Capt. Ashton was coming to Canada, and certain men around Headquarters sang, as they went up and down stairs, the then popular chorus, "Over the waves to me." And over the waves Staff-Capt. Ashton came. On Good Friday, 1891, in the afternoon, Staff-Capt. Ashton changed her name to Mrs. Brigadier Margetts.

A Faithful and Precious Counsellor.

The Colonel freely admits his reliance upon her, in his Training Home duties and Divisional work, she has been a priceless counsellor to him. Although her platform abilities are very acceptable, the Colonel most treasures her judgment, which he pronounces almost unerring. Mrs. Margetts now is the happy mother of three boys and two girls, which she is faithfully endeavoring to train for God's service in the Salvation Army. F.

GOD'S HOUR.

In the hour of fading light,
When the mortal falls of night,
From the voice I love to hear,
Steals a whisper in my ear.
"When it grows too dark to see,
Spend the twilight hour with Me."

Loth to lay my books away,
Ling'ring o'er them yet I stay;
Low, and musical, and sweet,
Still I hear that voice repeat:
"It has grown too dark to see,
Spend the twilight hour with Me."

Busy day, though bright and fair,
Still must be the time of care;
Through my weary heart and brain
Soft voice accents float again:
"Thou hast wrought, and thou must
rest;
Come, and thou shalt me My guest."

I obey the call so sweet,
Kneeling low at Jesus' feet,
Resting 'neath His gracious smile,
List'ning to His voice the while:
Now He breathes into my ear
Words of counsel, words of cheer.
When that hour with Him is o'er,
Stroog and brave I am once more,
Ready for the sternest strife
In the lot of mortal life.
Yea, such power He gives to those
Who upon His breast repose.
Weary one, where'er thou art,
With this sadness in thy heart?
Wouldst thou lack the needed power
Hadst thou given God His hour?
For that hour when light is dim,
He would have thee spend with
Him. Elsie M. Graham.



Staff-Capt. Margetts, A. D. C.
(Taken at our International Headquarters, London.)

Mrs. Brigadier Margetts and Gracie.

Brigadier Margetts
When in command of the West Ontario Province.

Scripture, and the interested parties stood forward, the bride supported by Capt. McCann, of Huron St., and the bridegroom by Capt. Langridge, also of Huron St. corps. The "I wills" were clearly spoken, and the Major declared our comrades to be man and wife. Bro. Miller saluted his new wife in the usual way, which "brought down the house."

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So I traveled alone to Manchester, and there secured employment as

HUSTLERS' GALLERY.

STORIES OF
War Cry Hustlers.

My Personal Testimony

The wide door
opead to me
my Cry selling
I view as the
grandest opportu-
nity of my
life, I thank
God for the
chance to go
where I will,
through the
War Cry—S. E. Moore

Lieut. Greavett and Capt. Sherwin
C.O.P.

Adjt. Babington, Peterboro	50
Vance, Pembridge	50
Capt. Randall, Port Hope	50
Sergt. Hippern, Montreal I	49
Lieut. Schermerhorn, Campbellford	48
P. S. M. Val. Barr	48
Capt. Weir, Belleville	46
Capt. Newell, Kempville	46
Capt. Woods, Sunbury	38
Bro. Hurd, Montreal I.	35
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	35
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	35
Lieut. Bushey, Kempville	35
Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	35
E. Codner, Kingston	35
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	35
Capt. McLean, Brockville	30
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	30
Capt. Liddell, Morrisburg	30
Miss Chillingworth, Montreal IV	30
J. S. DeWitt, Picton	27
Sister White, Brockville	25
Sister Soward, Montreal I.	25
Sister Ritchie, Montreal I.	25
Sister Bullock, Montreal II.	25
J. S. Russell, Millbrook	25
Stephen Stanzel, Carleton	25
Eavoy Magee, Wakefield	25
Miss Benson, Renfrew	25
Mildred Val. Barr	25
Father Joseph, Thornton	25
Sister Vacour, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Sister Kane, Montreal I.	25
G. Crawford, Kingston	20
J. Walton, Kingston	20
Ettie Baker, Campbellford	20
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	20
Capt. Grainger, Ottawa	20
Sergt. Wilkko, St. Johnsbury	20
Lieut. Owen, Sherbrooke	20
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	20



Concert-Secretary and Mrs. Kerswell, London.

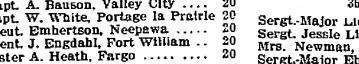


Stanley Gammage Alma Gammage,
Chatham, age 5 yrs. Chatham, age 3 yrs.

North-West Province.

55 Hustler

33 August 1944	
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	151
Capt. Blodgett, Brandon	125
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	105
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	102
Lieut. E. Gamble, Fargo	99
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	89
Mrs. Capt. G. Gilliam, Regina	88
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	88
Sister Annie Pearce, Calmar	78
Lieut. G. Papstein, (Sgt. in the Hat)	74
Mr. Ernest Hopkins, Grand Forks	63
Capt. M. Wick, Prince Albert	60
Lieut. McRas, Laramore	60
Adjt. E. Hayes, Jamestown	52
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	52
Mrs. Capt. White, Portage la Prairie	50
Capt. A. Mitchell, Grafton	50



Newfoundland Province

Capt. Livingston, Edmonton	90
Lieut. E. Gamble, Fargo	90
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	89
Mrs. Capt. G. M. Regina	88
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	78
Sister Annie Pearce, Calgary	78
Lieut. G. Papstine, Medicine Hat	74
Lieut. L. Dunster, Fort Arthur	74
Mrs. Capt. Harkirk, Grand Forks	70
Capt. M. Wick, Lethbridge	69
Lieut. Hobie, Laramore	68
Adj't. E. Hayes, Jamestown	68
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	52
Mrs. Capt. White, Portage la Prairie	50
Capt. A. Mitchell, Grafton	50
Lieut. V. Sherrills, Grand Forks	50
Mrs. Adj't. McAmmond, Winnipeg	45
Lieut. I. McLaren, Moorhead	45
Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William	45
Capt. A. Hall, Lethbridge	45
Capt. A. Brandner, Carman	45
Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	42
Sergt. Mrs. Smith, Winnipeg	40
Capt. A. Moorehead	40
Capt. Major Mrs. Michaela, Devil's Lake	40
Capt. S. Flaws, Dauphin	40
Lieut. W. Oxenriter, Virden	35
Sergt. Mrs. Parker, Minot	35
Adj't. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	33
Lieut. W. Mansell, Emerson	32
Capt. J. Ferguson, Selkirk	30
Capt. N. Meyers, Moosejaw	30
Lieut. A. Haugen, Moosejaw	28
Lieut. H. H. Benson	28
Lieut. M. Stanhope, Carberry	28
Sergt. Mrs. Johnston, Bismarck	27
Sister Wentworth, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	25
Ensign Harkirk, Grand Forks	25
Lieut. E. Price, Moosomin	23
Capt. McKay, Souris	22
Lieut. O. Potter, Souris	22
Lieut. W. Morris, Portage la Prairie	22
Sergt. McElevany, Neepawa	22



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First Insertion.
WALKER, ROBERT H. Dark Complexion, blue eyes, large face, age 17, medium height, and stout. Mrs. Chaney, Orangeville, makes application.

Chaney, Orangeville, makes enquiry.
WENTZEL, CHARLES. Left home about 17 years ago. 40 years old, blacksmith by trade, dark brown hair. He carries one shoulder a little higher than the other. His mother, Mrs.

Wentzel, enquires.

CURRY, MR. WHITFIELD. Age 36, about 6 ft. In height, fair complexion, dark hair. Last heard of at Winnipeg about three years ago. His brother, Joshua Curry, Tweed, Ont. wishes him to write. There is money

CHANT, JOHN. Age 26, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark complexion, fisherman. Left Bird Island Cove 16 years ago. Heard of three years ago at Boro.

Heard of three years ago at Port Morien, B.C. Friends very anxious.

BROWN, ALBERT E. Colored. 5 ft. 6 in. in height, age 23. Last heard of him at New York, U. S. A. His mother, Mrs. Rochell Mitchell, Kentville, N.S., is very anxious to have him returned.

GRIFFITH, REV. EDWARD. Baptist minister. Dark complexion, about 32 years of age. Last heard of in Michigan. An old friend is very anxious to hear from him.

He who talks of his neighbor's
mote does it to hide his own beam.

more does it to make his own health.

The flowers of honor bloom in the
soil of humility. —



Original songs, composed by Lieut-Colonel Margetts during his sojourn in the Dominion. These are but a few of the splendid selection which the Lieut-Colonel has placed at our disposal.

THE CLEANSING STREAM.

Tune.—Jesus keep me near the cross (B.J. 8).

1 Boundless, ceaseless, cleansing stream,
Freely flowing ever,
Me a sinner, to redeem,
From all sin to sever.

Chorus.

In the stream, in the stream,
Bathing, bidding ever;
I have purity and peace
Through bathing in this river.

Doubts and fears are borne away.
Griefs and sorrows never
Vex my soul, while every day
I bathe me in this river.

Pain is pleasure, suffering sweet.
Mirth is without measure;
Christ doth come, my soul to meet
While batheing in this river.

Earth is heaven and life is bliss.
Precious is my treasure;
Christ is mine, and I am His.
Through bathing in this river.

SO DEAR AND TRUE.

Tune.—Two lovely black eyes.

2 The Lily of the Vale is He,
The Christ Who died upon the tree,
His love, so full, so rich, so free,
So dear and true.

In sin's dark night He sought for me.
Nor tired till I was made to see
He died, my Saviour, Friend, to be
So dear and true.

Chorus.

So dear and true.
Gives joy anew.
My Jesus, the Lily, the best in the valley,
So dear and true.

He changed my darkness into light.
He makes my pathway clear and bright.
As noon-day is my darkest night.
So dear and true.

He gives me peace, and frees from pain,
My soul from sin, or doubt, or shame.
He fills me, glory to His name!
With peace, dear and true.

In every conflict He is near.
With power and grace my heart to cheer;
Let foes assail, I will not fear.
He's dear and true.

He'll crown me when my work is done.
When, by His grace, the battle's won,
I'll bask in rays of brightest sun—
Heaven, dear and true.

AT CALVARY.

Tune.—When the stars and the elements are falling (B.J. 43).

3 'Twas there on yonder mountain,
Between the dying thieves,
On Calvary's rugged cross,
With His dying love.

With throbbing pain and anguish,
His soul and body heaves.
On Calvary's rugged cross, where
He died.

Chorus.

At Calvary the precious blood is flowing,
Is flowing from Jesus' riven side.
He'll take your sins, and sorrows, your doubts,
And fears away.

At Calvary's rugged cross, where
He died.

Oh, what a wondrous wonder, He
split His precious blood
On Calvary's rugged cross, where
He died.

A crimson, cleansing current—a sin-removing flood.
On Calvary's rugged cross, where He died.

Backsider, there's a welcome, if thou wilt now return.
To Calvary's rugged cross, where He died.

For these, though vile and sinful, His heart with love did burn.
On Calvary's rugged cross, where He died.

Desponding, wretched drunkard, de-
liverance is for thee.
At Calvary's rugged cross, where He died.

Come, weary, burdened sinner, and He will set you free.
At Calvary's rugged cross, where He died.

WAITING WON'T SAVE.

Tune.—Living beneath the shade of the cross (B.J. 109).

4 Poor soul, curs'd by sin, and bound for the grave,
With but a few chances thy dear soul to save.

How foolish to drift with that treacherous wave,
Waiting for God's salvation.

Chorus.

Waiting won't save, nor lessen sin's dress.
Waiting won't help you to take up your cross.

By waiting, your chance to get saved may be lost.
And end all your hopes of salvation.

Waiting in day time, waiting at night,
Waiting till darkness is chased by the "Light."

Waiting until there are no foes to fight.

To get your soul's salvation.

Waiting improvement your soul to prepare.

Waiting reform to help you "get there."

Waiting for feeling before you declare
You're determined to get salvation.

Waiting means misery, doom, and despair.

Waiting never helped for heaven to prepare.

To wait is, at best, a wretched affair.
Tis useless to wait for salvation.

I GAZE UPON THEE.

Tune.—Down in the garden (B.J. 67).

5 I gaze upon Thy lovely face,
So marked, so marred, so worn.

Thy loving smile, Thy tender gaze,
Thy brow with thorns so torn.

Chorus.

Jesus, dear Saviour,
Thou didst die for me.
Flowing is the crimson fountain.
Me from sin and self to free.

I gaze upon Thy nail-pierced hands,
Thy feet fixed to the tree;
I see Thy bruise, Thy blood, Thy hands.

O Lamb of Calvary!

I gaze upon Thy cross, Thy pain.
The nails, the thorns, the spear,
The gall, the vinegar, the stain,
"Father, forgive!" I hear.

I gaze upon Thy bleeding wounds,
So real, so deep, so sore;
Amazing love, my soul's redeemed,
It needs to sin no more.

THE CRY OF A CONVICTED SOUL.

Tune.—If I ask Him to receive me.

6 Deep in sorrow, shame and darkness,
Sunk far in sin,
Will the Saviour now, in mercy,
Take me in?

Chorus.

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.

Conscience smites me, fear affrights me.

Is there hope for me?
What release, could I receive it—

Liberate?

Past transgressions meet my vision.
Present guilt as well,
I might now be justly banished into hell.

Lost I am, can Jesus find me?
All my sins forgive?

Chase (B.J. 109).

4 Poor soul, curs'd by sin, and bound for the grave,
With but a few chances thy dear soul to save.

How foolish to drift with that treacherous wave,
Waiting for God's salvation.

FAREWELL SONG.

[The following song was composed by Lieut-Colonel Margetts on the occasion of his farewell from England for an appointment in Canada.]

Tune.—The vacant chair.

7 Life is full of change and chance,
Greetings, partings, pleasure, pain;

Off we meet, and off we sever,
Never may we meet again.

Till before the bar we're summoned,
At the awful judgment throned,

And the Judge shall pass the sentence,

"Depart, ye cursed," or "Come, well done!"

Chorus.

Shall we meet in yonder city,
Meet where partings will be o'er?

There with Christ, and many loved ones.

Rest in bliss for evermore.

We have loved and worked together
For our Master, side by side;

Naught but His own will and pleasure are.

Could our efforts now divide,

But we live to do His bidding.

Now He calls us far away.

Far away to labor for Him,

And His voice we will obey.

Farewell, brothers, farewell sisters,
Farewell friends, new converts, too;

Oh, be faithful till the morning,

Never flinch or prove untrue.

Jesus' grace is all-sufficient,

Only trust and march along;

By-and-by we'll join the chorus

Of the angels' welcome song.

Sinner, will you start for heaven?

Start just now, before too late?

All your sins must be forgiven.

Or your soul shut outside the gate.

Then our parting message to you.

Sinners, soldiers, comrades all;

Live to God, and then in Glory.

We'll meet and never more "Farewell."



Colonel Jacobs,
CHIEF SECRETARY

Assisted by

Territorial Headquarters Staff
WILL CONDUCT

CAMP MEETINGS

In the
BUFFERIN GROVE, TORONTO,
From

Saturday, June 29th,
to Monday, July 1st.

Meetings every day at 3 and 8 pm,
preceded by half hour of music
and song.

Sundays—Meetings all day, commencing at 7 a.m.

Monster Field Day—Monday, July 1st.

Tents can be obtained on application to Major Pickering, Salvation Temple, Toronto. Prices for ten days, from \$2.25 to \$3.50 each.

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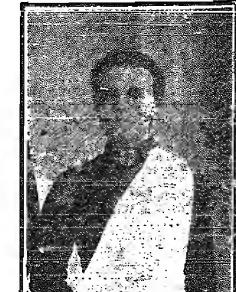
MAJOR GALT and CAPT. LEDREW
Trenton, Thurs., June 20, to
July 1.

T. F. S. Appointments.

Ensign Perry—Gravenhurst, Sat. and Sun., June 29, 30; Orillia, Sun. and Tues., July 1, 2; Fesserton, Wed., July 3; Midland, Thurs., July 4; Barrie, Fri., July 5.

Ensign Andrews—Everett, Sat. Sun. and Mon., June 29, 30, July 1; Mt. Vernon, Tues. and Wed., July 2, 3; New Whatcom, Thurs. and Fri., July 4, 5; New Westminster, Sat. Sun., and Mon., July 6, 7, 8.

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